

No. 2

APRIL

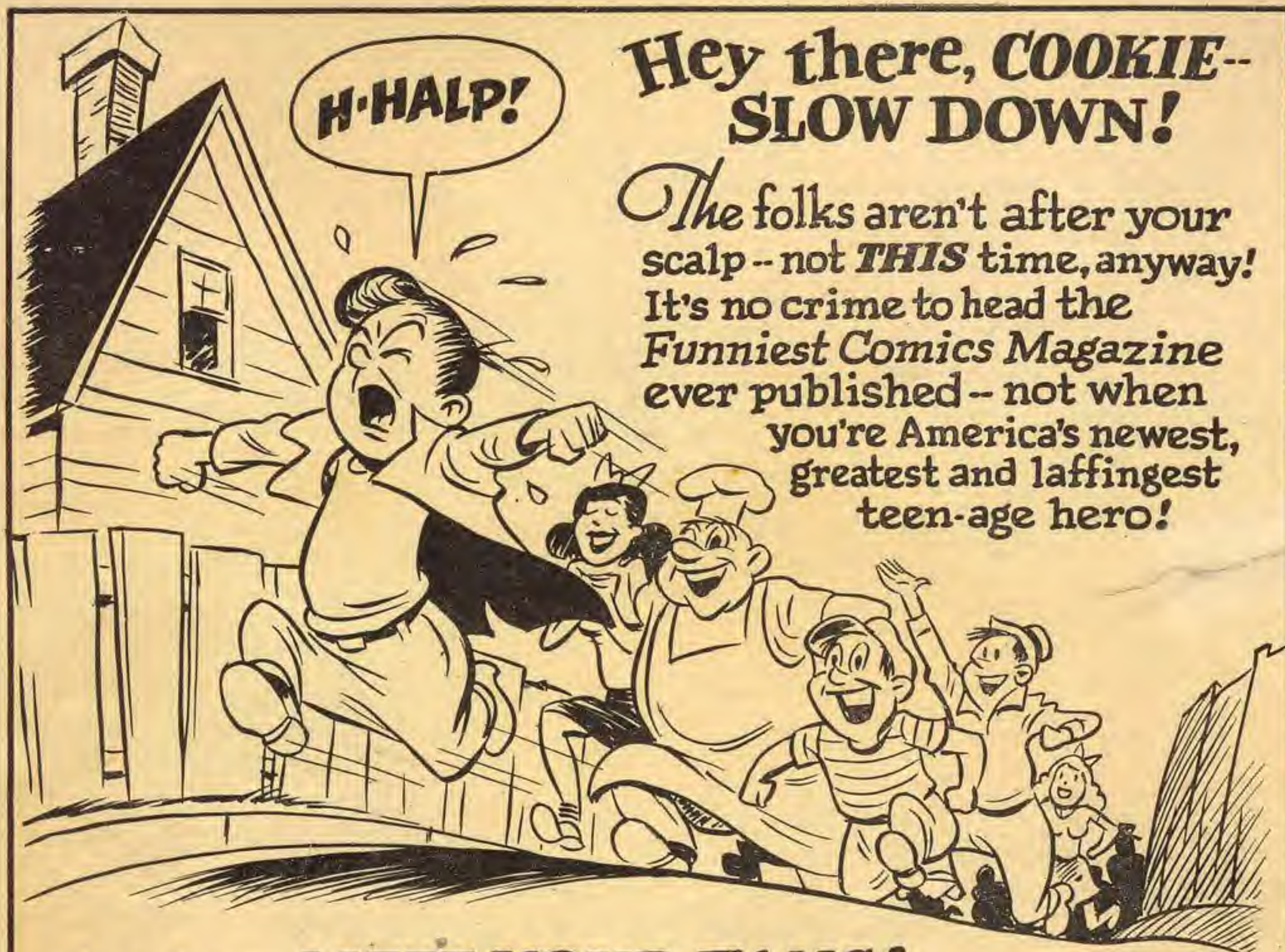
COOKIE

10¢

The Funniest Kid in Town...



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**



So relax -- **MEET YOUR FANS!**

OH, THAT'S **DIFFERENT** ---
I THOUGHT YOU FOLKS WUZ AFTER
ME FER ANOTHER MESS I GOT IN!
PLEASTA MEETCHA -- AN' TO ELECT YA,
ONE AN' ALL, AS **HONORARY**
MEMBERS O' THE COOKIE
COMIC CLUB!

COOKIE
COMIC CLUB

meets every
month in the
pages of this
magazine!

The publishers of this
magazine disclaim all liability
for blood-vessels broken in the
course of laughing your head off.

So does **COOKIE!**

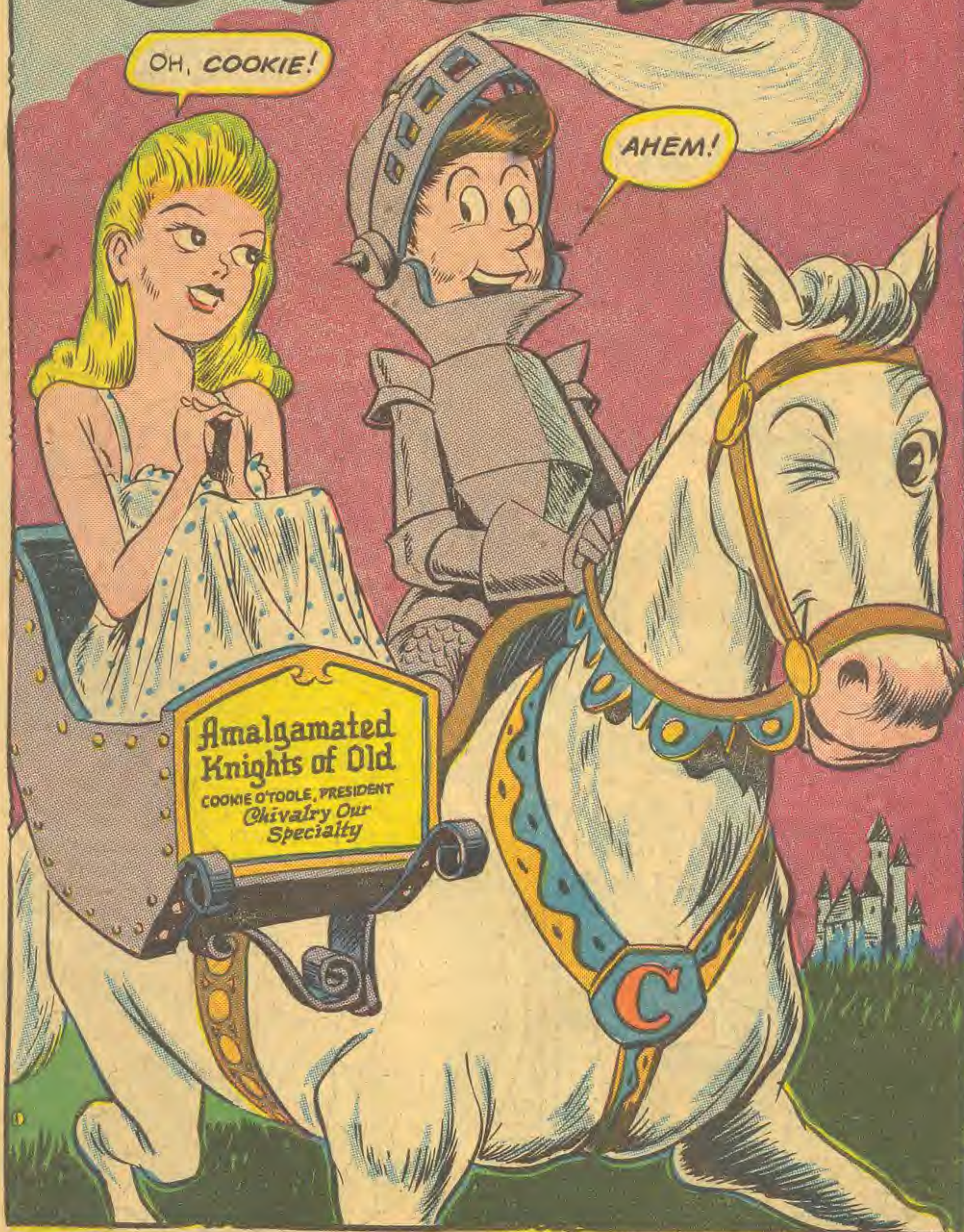
"COOKIE"

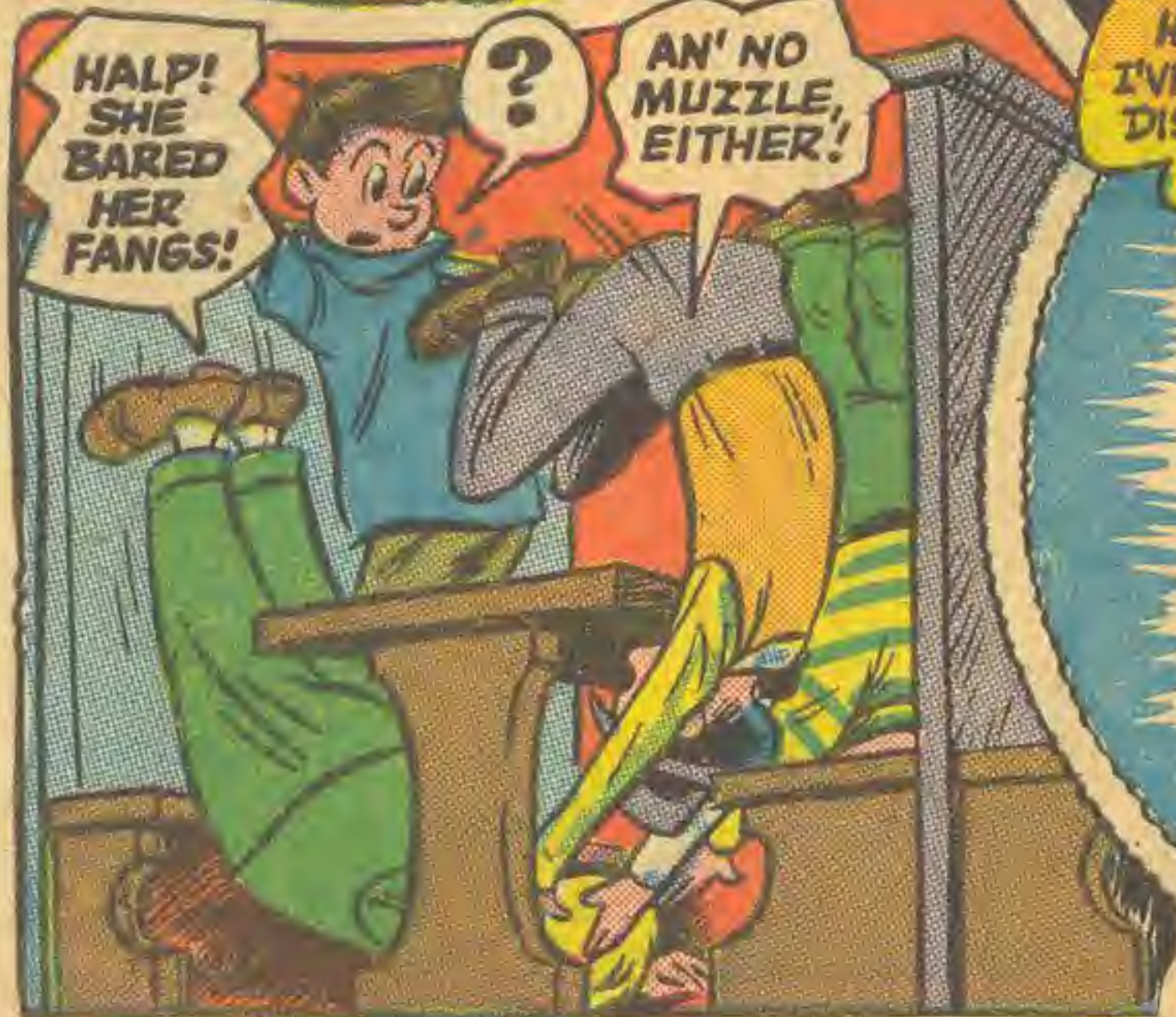
OH, COOKIE!

AHEM!

Amalgamated
Knights of Old

COOKIE O'TOOLE, PRESIDENT
*Chivalry Our
Specialty*







NO, AGGIE — LET'S NOT HAVE BLOODSHED! IT'S ENOUGH THAT WE'VE DISCOVERED THAT THEY'RE LACKING EVEN THE SLIGHTEST TRACE OF CHIVALRY! HEREAFTER, THEY GO THEIR WAY — I GO MINE!

OH-HHH! WE'RE DEAD DUCKS UNLESS WE MAKE WITH THE CHIVALRY!

AW, GEE! IF YA'D JES' LET ME LOOSE, THIS MIGHTA BEEN ANOTHER NORMANDY!



So, in the days that follow—

AH, GRACIOUS LADIES—



PUFF!

PUFF!

WELL, I MUST SAY THINGS ARE LOOKING UP A LITTLE AROUND THESE PARTS!



OH, NO TROUBLE AT ALL! AFTER ALL, A TRUE GENTLEMAN MUST SHIELD A LADY FROM EVERYTHING!



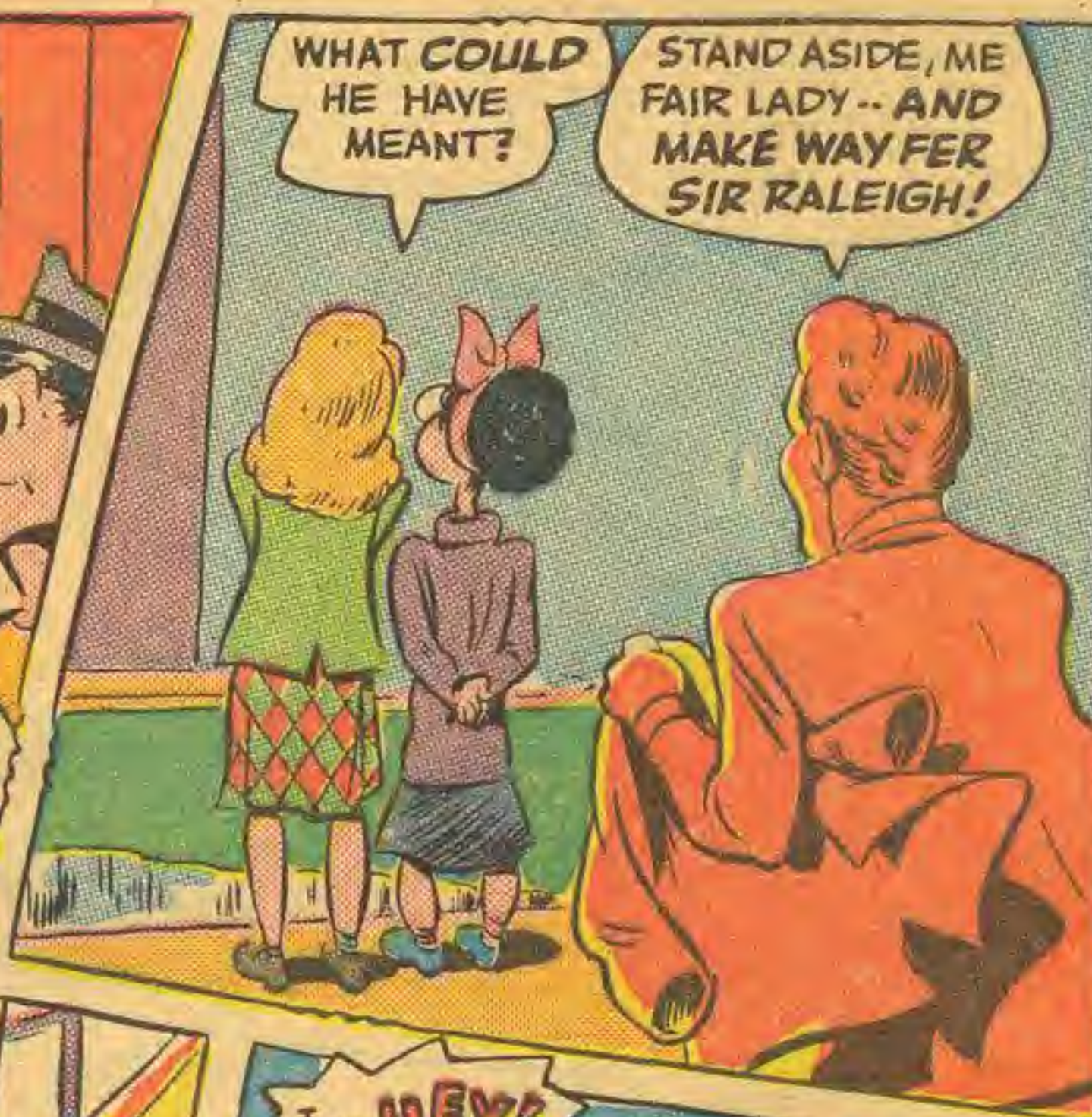
TUT, TUT, ANGELPUSS! HOLD EVERYTHING WHILST THE GREAT ZOOT PERFORMS HIS GOOD DEED FOR THE DAY!

BUT WHAT—



NOW, NOW, COOKIE-- DON'T QUIBBLE! IT'S FOR A GOOD CAUSE! I GUARANTEE IT!

HEY, THAT'S MY COAT!



WHAT COULD HE HAVE MEANT?

STAND ASIDE, ME FAIR LADY-- AND MAKE WAY FER SIR RALEIGH!



A-HEM! COULD THE LADY ASK FOR MORE?

ZOOT! ISN'T THIS CARRYING THINGS TOO FAR?



I--HEY!

WHY, YOU CORNY CAVALIER! I'LL--

WHAM!



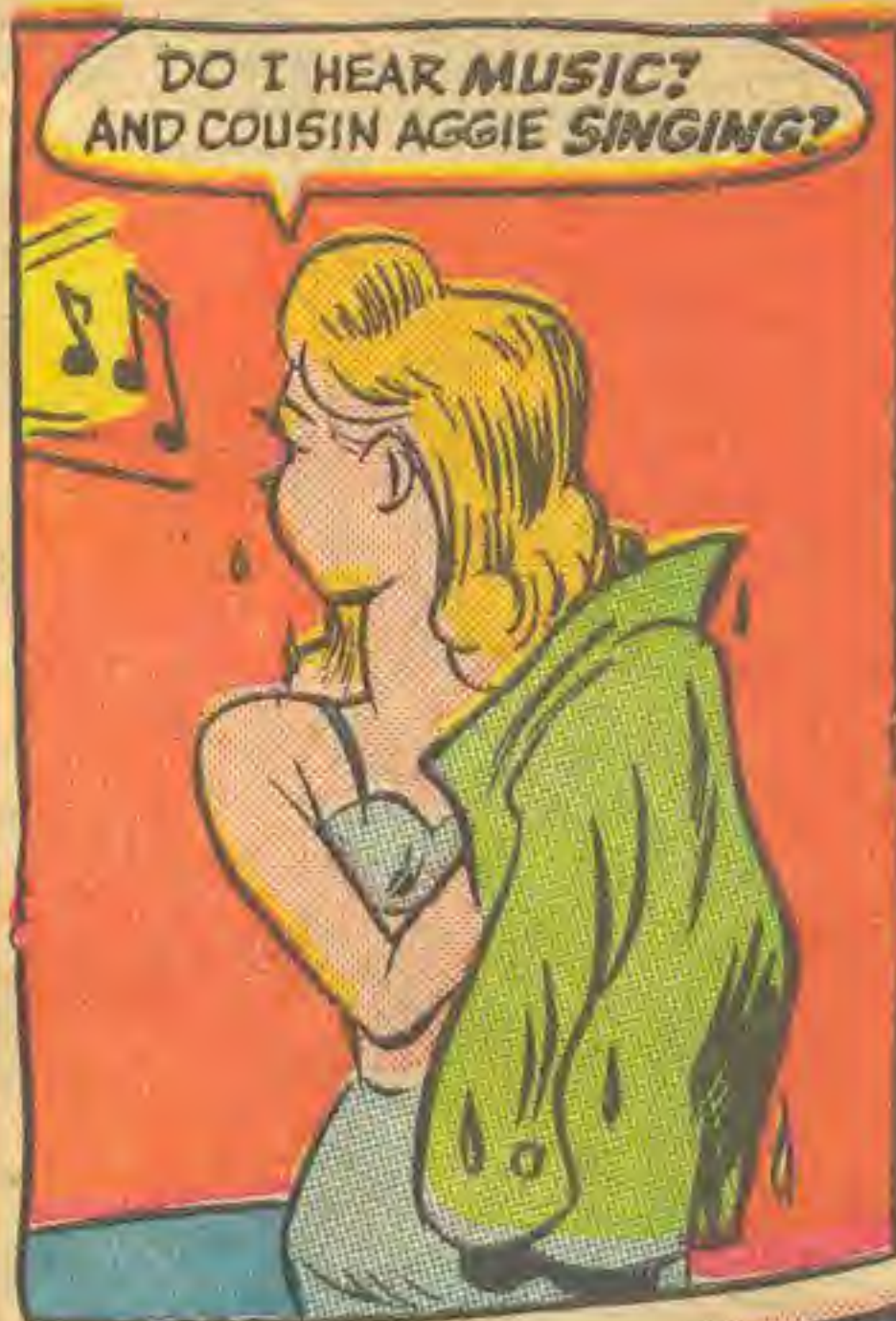
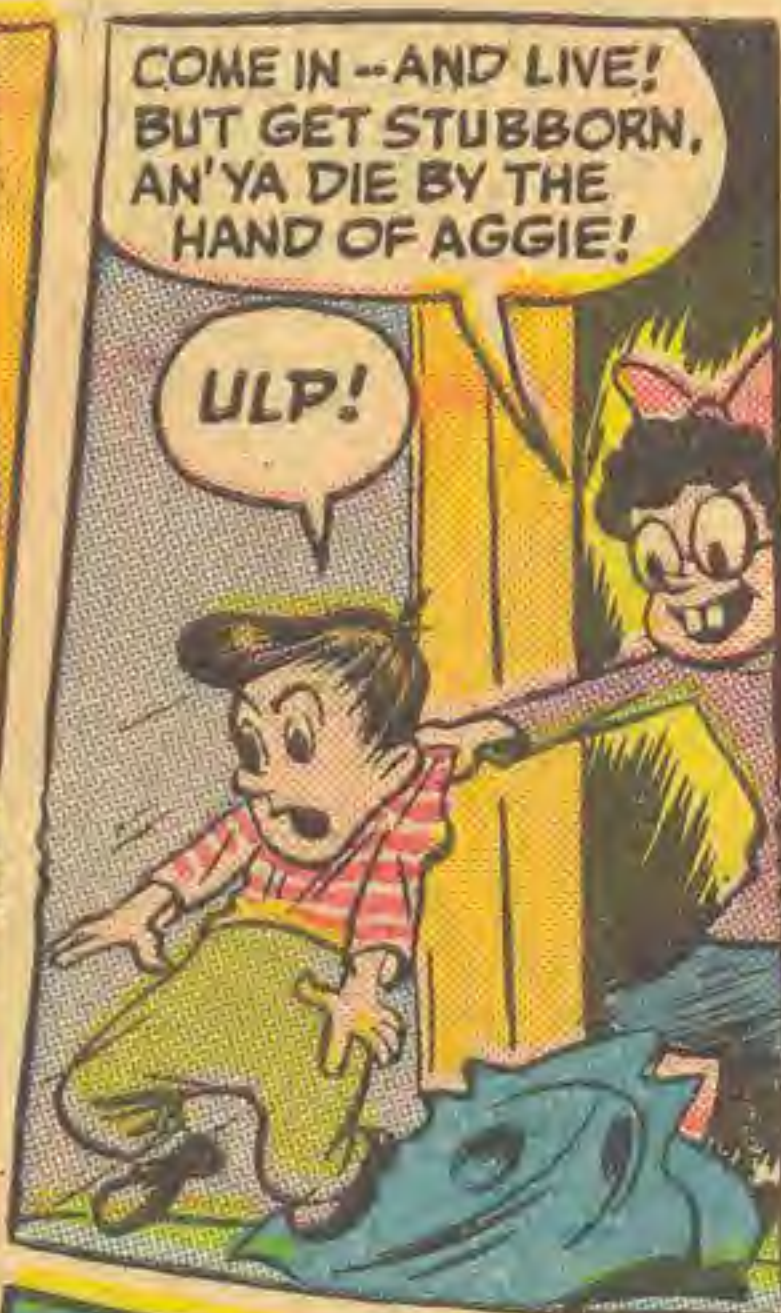
OHOOOOOOO!

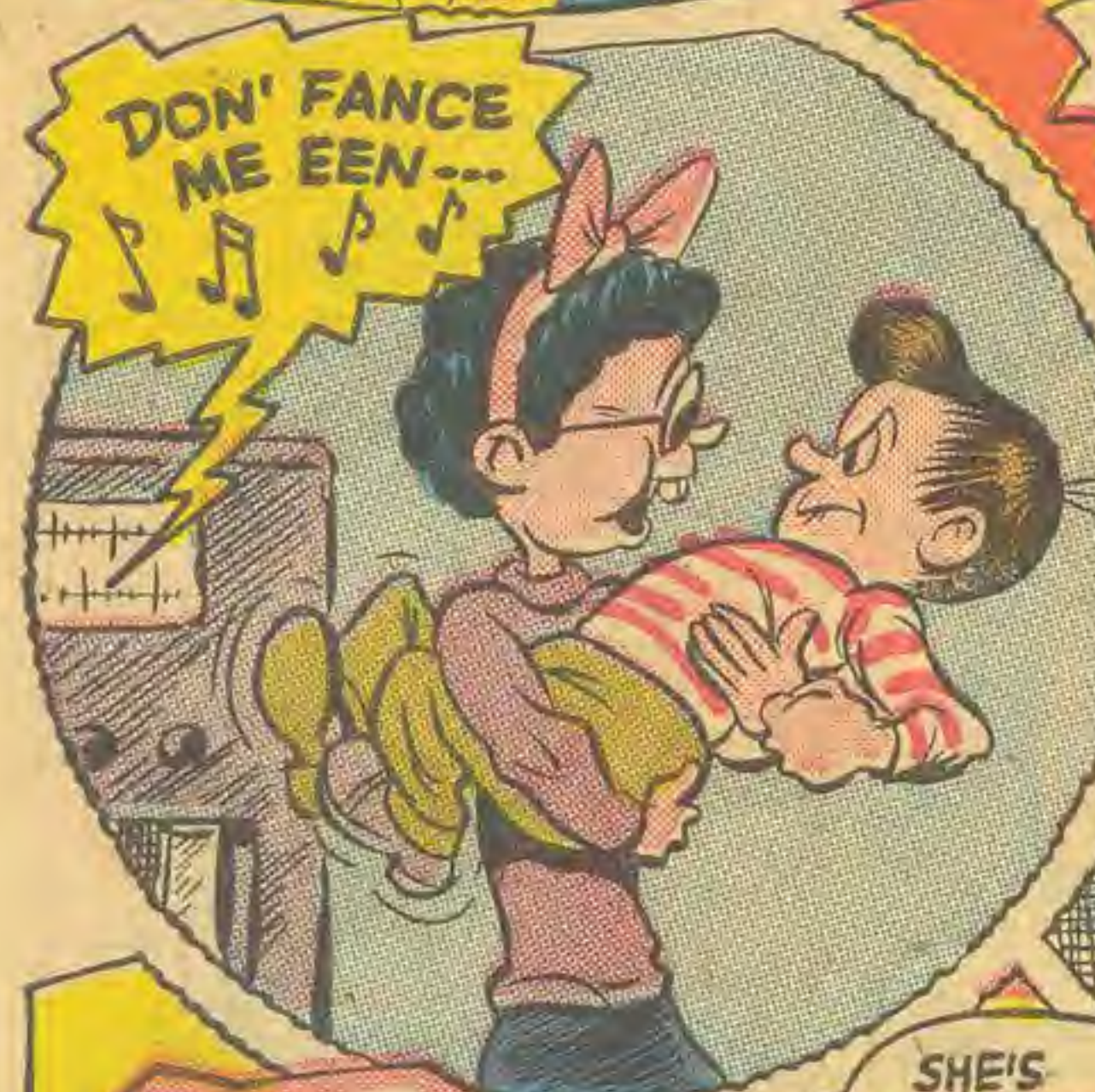
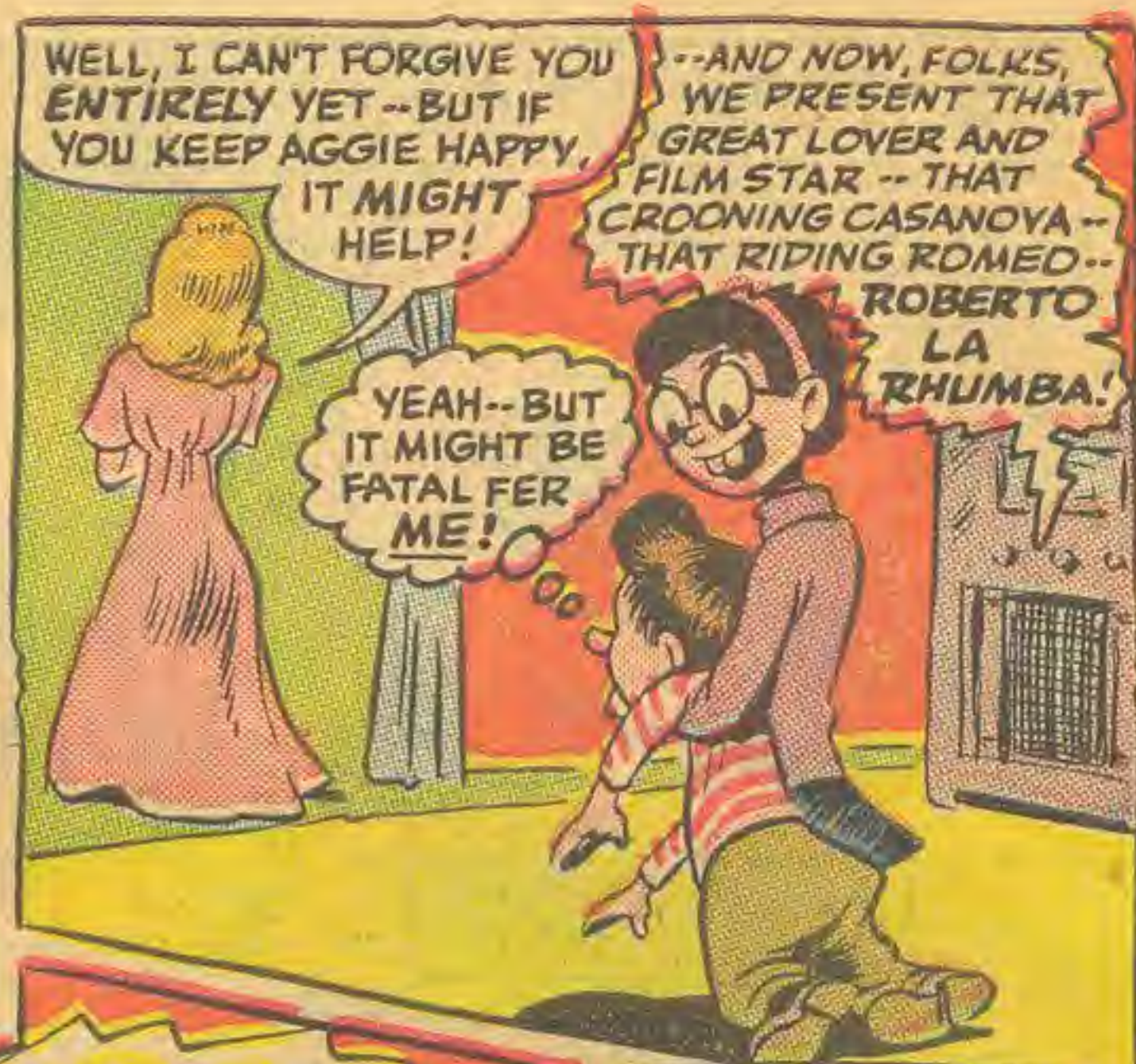
SPLASH!



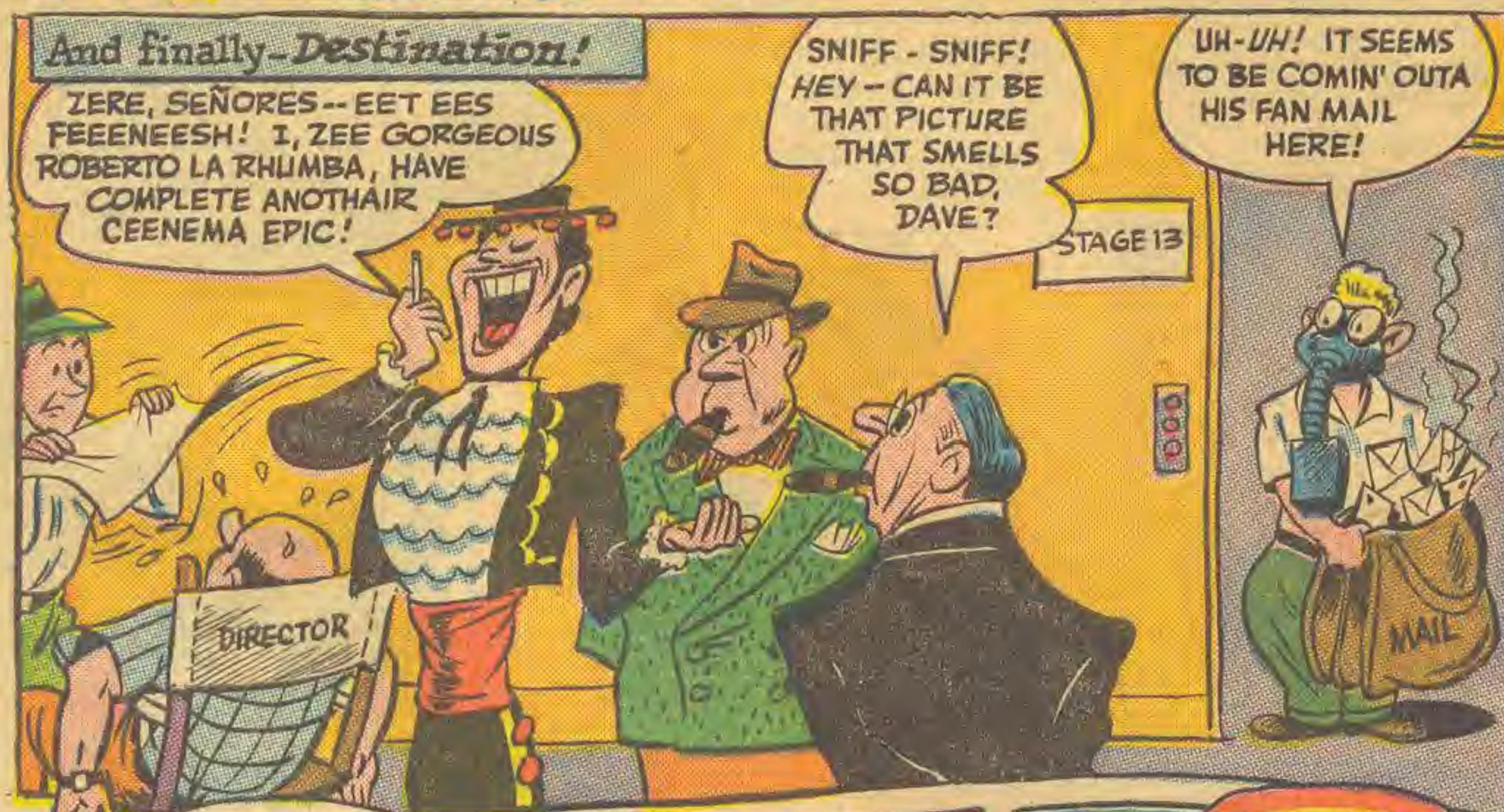
C-COOKIE O'TODDLE! I--I N-NEVER WANT TO S-SEE YOU--OR EVEN H-HEAR OF YOU AGAIN!

B-BUT ANGEL-PUSS!











SEE HOW I PROMOTED
IT FER YA? ...YA CAN
GO HOME AN'
RELAX!

The Soda
Jerkerie

JIT,
YER A
GENIUS!



LUCKY ANGELPUSS'LL NEVER
FIND OUT IT WAS OUR FAKE
LETTER AN' A PICTURE O' HER
THAT DID IT! AFTER ALL, SHE'S
SEEN ME TRYIN' TA KEEP
AGGIE HAPPY -- AN' I'M
SOLID WITH MY LITTLE
HEARTBEAT NOW,
JACKSON!



I SEE WHERE OUR TOWN'S
GETTIN' ON THE MAP, COOKIE!
IT SEEMS THAT SOME HOLLYWOOD
STAR IS COMING HERE TO PREMIERE
HIS PICTURE AND SEEK THE
GIRL OF HIS DREAMS --
IT SEZ HERE!

HUH?



J-JEEPERS!
WOT A SPOT
I'M IN
NOW!



OH-OH! IF THAT GUY EVER
COMES INTA CONTACT WITH AGGIE,
HE'S GONNA REALIZE THAT SHE AINT
THE GIRL IN THE PICTURE WE SENT!
AN' IF HE SEES ANGELPUSS, HE'S
GONNA THINK THAT SHE'S AGGIE,
AN' --- OH-HHH, MY
S-SAINTED AUNT!



JUST BEFORE I
COMMIT SUICIDE,
DRIP -- I'M GONNA
RID THE WORLD
OF A MENACE!

NOW, NOW,
KEEP YER
SLEEVES
DOWN!



SURE I KNOW ABOUT HIM
COMIN' TA TOWN -- BUT I GOT A
PLAN! ALL WE HAFTA DO IS KEEP
AGGIE AN' ANGELPUSS OUTA
SIGHT, SEE? SO -- WE
KIDNAP 'EM!

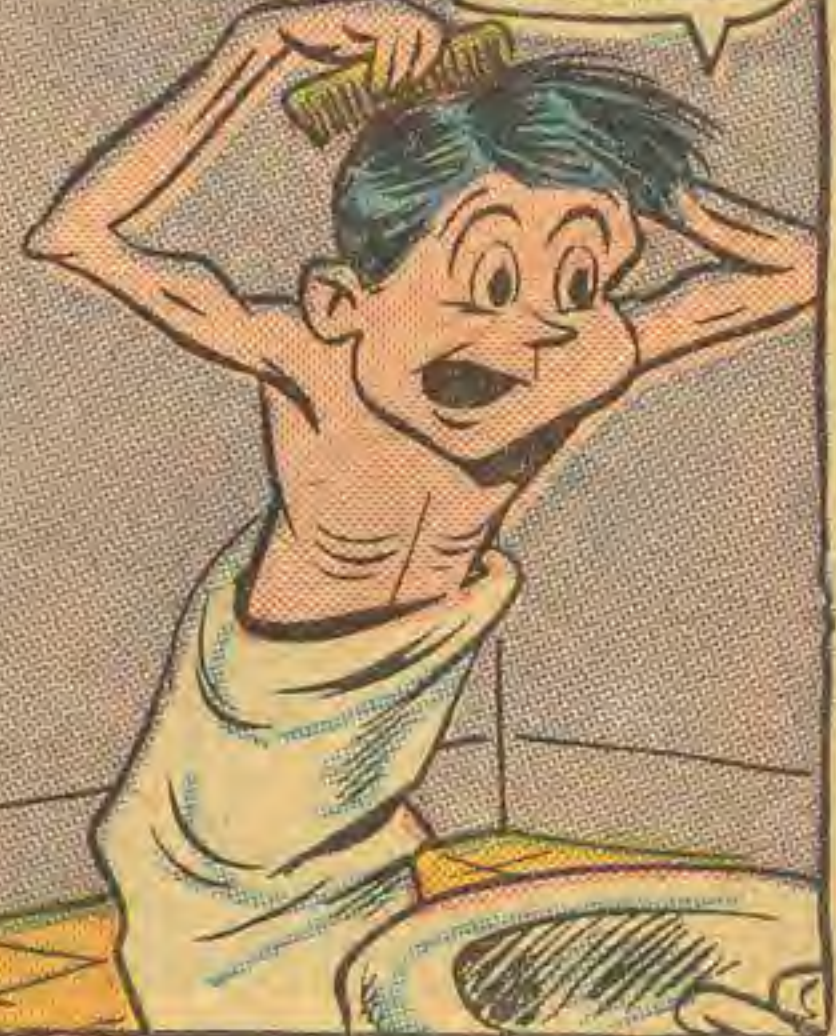
WOT?



FERGET IT! THAT
CORNY HERO IS JUST
DUMB ENOUGH TA
STICK AROUND AN'
TRY TA RESCUE
'EM!

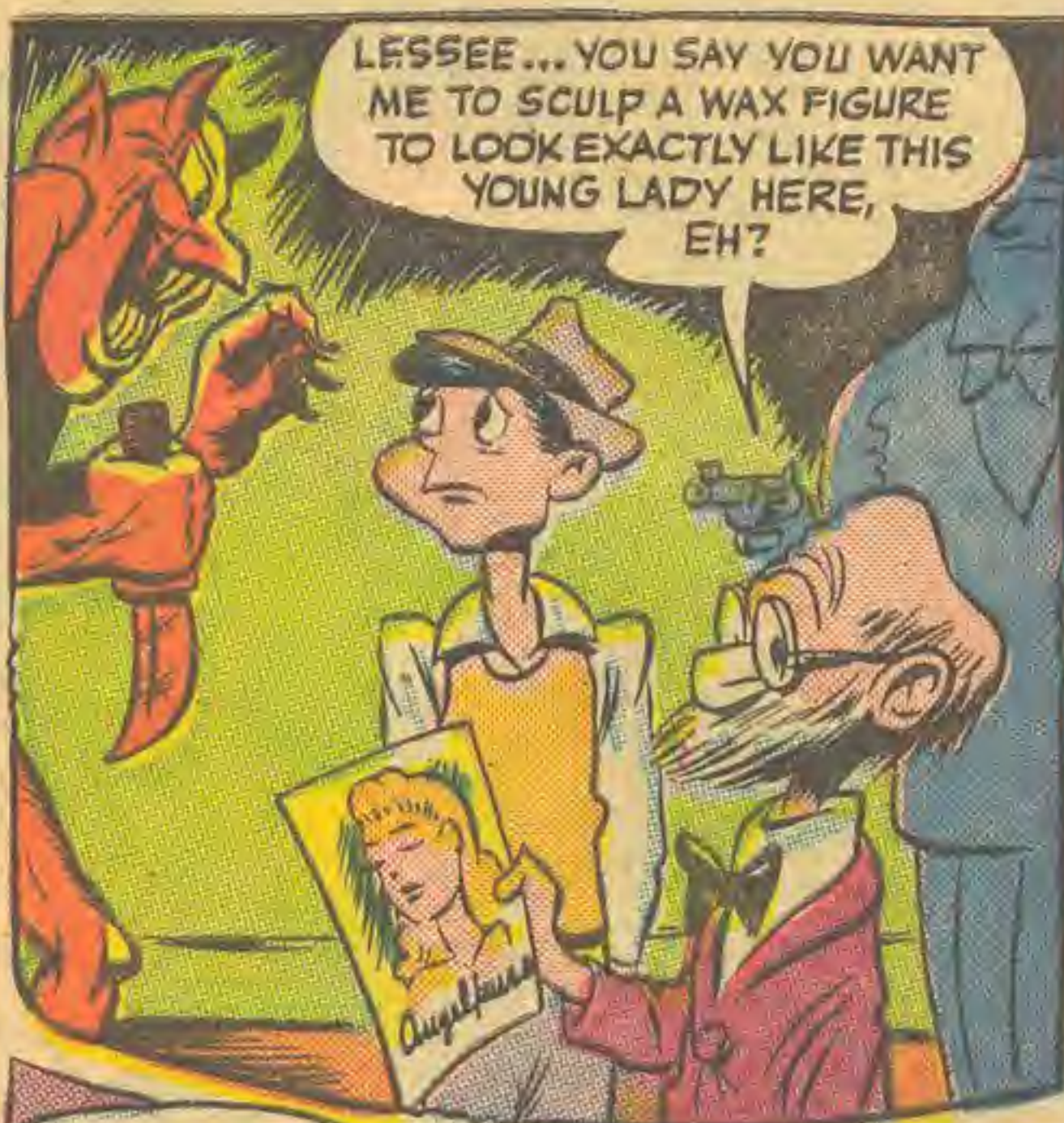


COULD BE -- BUT I GOT
ANOTHER PLAN IN CASE THAT
HAPPENS! NOW YOU RUN ALONG
AN' DIG UP A DISGUISE FER A
COUPLE O' KIDNAPPERS -- WHILE
I ATTEND TO MY PART O' THE
BUSINESS!





COOKIE'S KINDA CONFUSED, BUT HE'LL SOON FIND OUT I'VE GUARDED AGAINST **EVERY** EVENCHODALITY!



LESSEE... YOU SAY YOU WANT ME TO SCULP A WAX FIGURE TO LOOK EXACTLY LIKE THIS YOUNG LADY HERE, EH?



ER-- YEH! YA SEE, I'M AN ADVANCE AGENT FER THE **ELEGANT STUDIOS**, AN' THIS IS PART OF A PUBLICITY STUNT! CAN YA HURRY IT?

M'LAD, IT'S PRACTICALLY DONE!

THANKS, MISTER -- I'LL BE BACK! OKAY, COOKIE -- IF YA GOT THAT KIDNAPPIN' DISGUISE, LET'S DON IT!



?



GEE, AGGIE -- JUST WAIT UNTIL THE PREMIERE TONIGHT, WHEN THE FOLKS AROUND TOWN FIND OUT YOU'RE THE DREAM GIRL THAT ROBERTO'S COMING FOR!

YEH, YEH-- BUT LET'S CONCENTRATE ON GETTIN' TA THE STATION AN' MEETIN' THAT GORGEOUS HUNK O' MAN!



YA SEE 'EM YET, COOKIE? ??

YEAH! DUCK, DOPE! THEY'RE JUST AHEAD!



OKAY--STEP ON IT! WE CAN'T LET 'EM BE AT THE STATION WHEN ROBERTO'S TRAIN PULLS IN!



ALL RIGHT, YOU -- PULL OVER!

EEEEK!

LAWSY!

HUH?



LOOK! HE'S NOT ONLY A KIDNAPPER, BUT ALSO AN AUTO THIEF! THIS IS COOKIE'S CAR!

SHUT UP AN' GET IN OR I'LL SQUIRT-- I MEAN, FIRE!



BANG!

OW-WWW! AH'S MORTALLY SHOT!



SAKES ALIVE-- AH GUESS AH IS ONLY HALF SHOT! AH BETTER GET BACK AN' NOTIFY DE POLICE!

The Hideout...

OKAY, YOUSE FEMMES! GET OUTA THE CAR AN' INTO THE HOUSE-- PRONTO!







AH-HAH! IT'S
JES' LIKE COOKIE
SAID-- HE'S RIDIN'
TA THE RESCUE!
I GOTTA GIVE
IT THE
GUN---



--- AN' PUT PLAN 123-B
INTO EFFECT! HE MAY FOLLOW
THE TIRE TRACKS TO THE HIDEOUT--
BUT I CAN TAKE THE SHORT-CUT
AN' GET BACK BEFORE
HE GETS THERE!



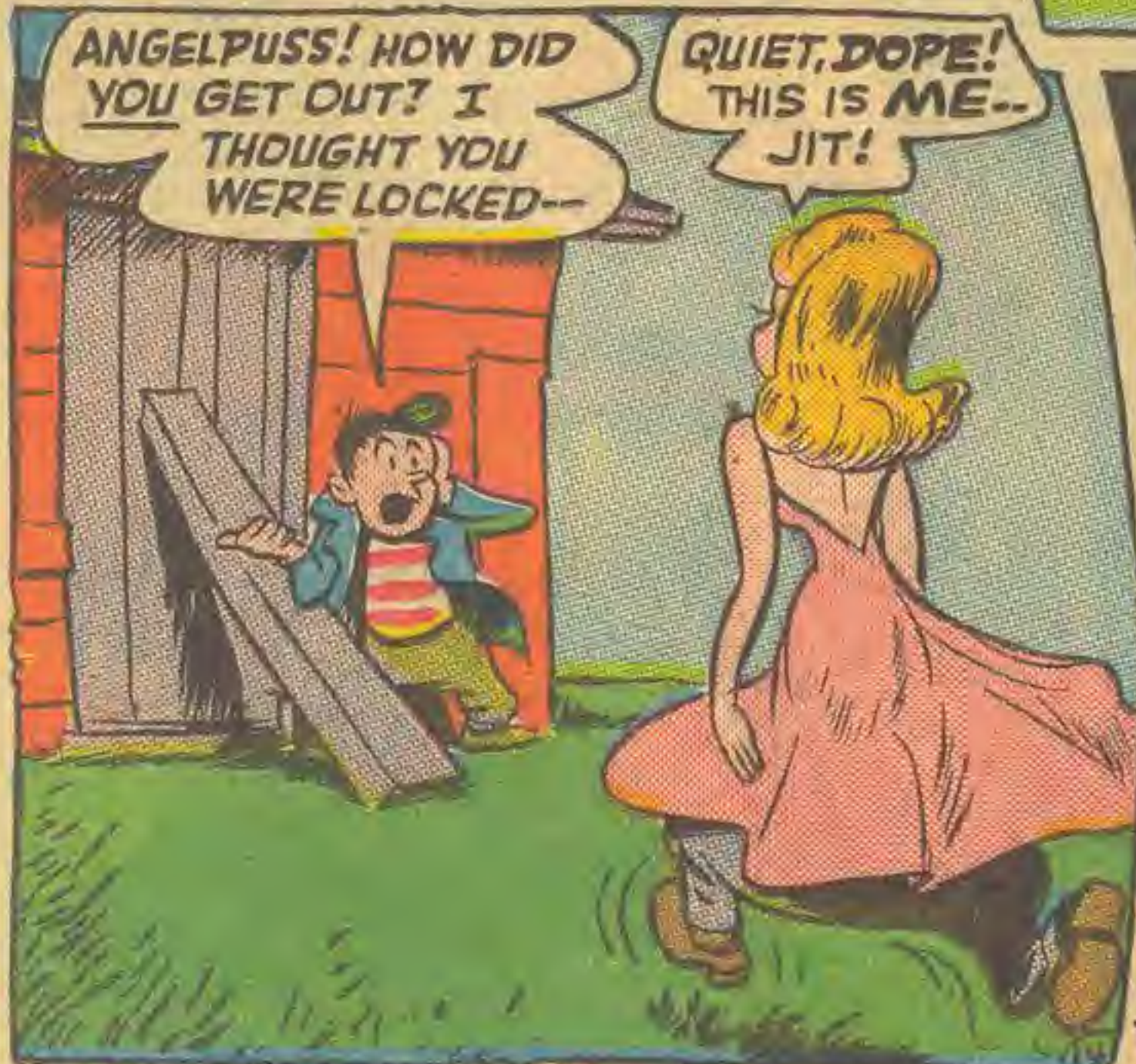
Wax Museum

HEY! HOW
ABOUT MY
MONEY?



Wax Mus

SEND THE
BILL TO
SELZNICK!



ANGELPUSS! HOW DID
YOU GET OUT? I
THOUGHT YOU
WERE LOCKED--

QUIET, DOPE!
THIS IS ME--
JIT!



WELL,
I'LL BE--
WOT
GIVES
?

JES' STAY OUTA SIGHT
AN' WATCH AN EXPERT
AT WORK!





COOKIE?

AGGIE--DON'T YOU SEE? HE CAME TO RESCUE US! OH, COOKIE--I'M SORRY!

I'LL--BE--OKAY--



FINE! COME ALONG, THEN-- WE JUST GOT TIME TO MAKE THE PREMIERE AN' MEET ROBERTO-- ME RHUMBA ROMEO!

NO! NO! WAIT! WE CAN'T--



Even then...

JEEPERS! WONDER WHERE WE ARE NOW!



AH, LADEEZ AN' GENTLEMEN--EET EES I, ROBERTO LA RHUMBA, WHO HAS MADE ZE GALLANT RESCUE AN' NOW STANDS BEFORE YOU WEETH HEES OWN TRUE LOVE--ZISS BEE-YOO-TEEFOOL, ROMANTIC MAID FROM YOUR TOWN--WHOSE HEART BEATS FOR ROBERTO ALONE! EVEN NOW, SHE ACHES TO HOLD ME IN HER ARMS!

??

GEE! IT'S JUST LIKE A REGELLA MOVIE-PITCHER!



NO, AGGIE--DON'T GO IN! I--I FOUND OUT IT'S NOT YOU HE CARES FOR! IT'S ANOTHER DAME HE LOVES!

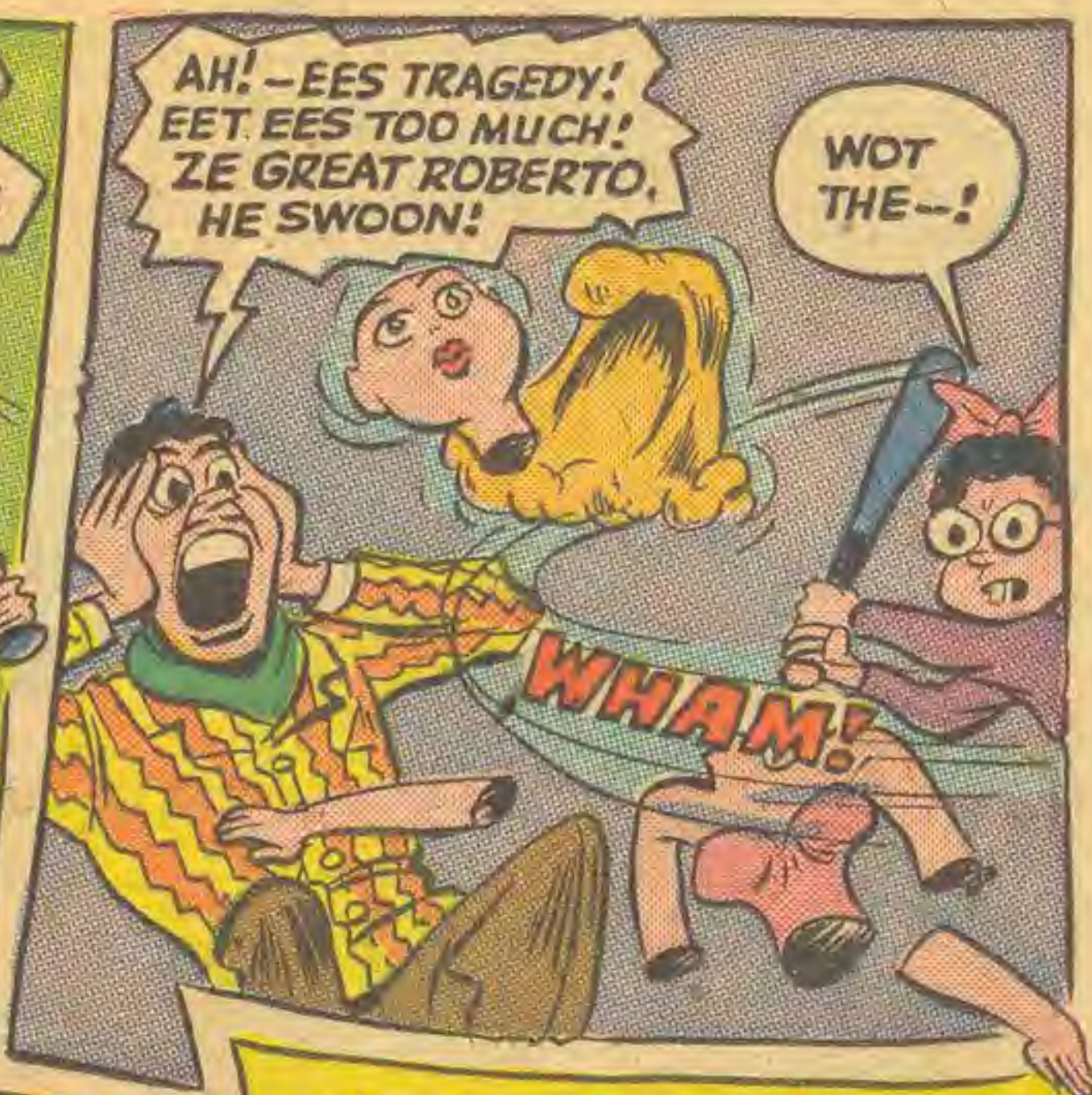
WHAT? I DON'T BELIEVE IT!-- BUT IF YOU'RE RIGHT--



ZE SEÑORITA, SHE EES STILL COLD WEETH ZE FRIGHT OF HER KIDNAPPING! BUT SHE WEEL FORGET ZE WORRIES WHEN DON ROBERTO, HE GEEV HER WAN BEEG KEES, NO?

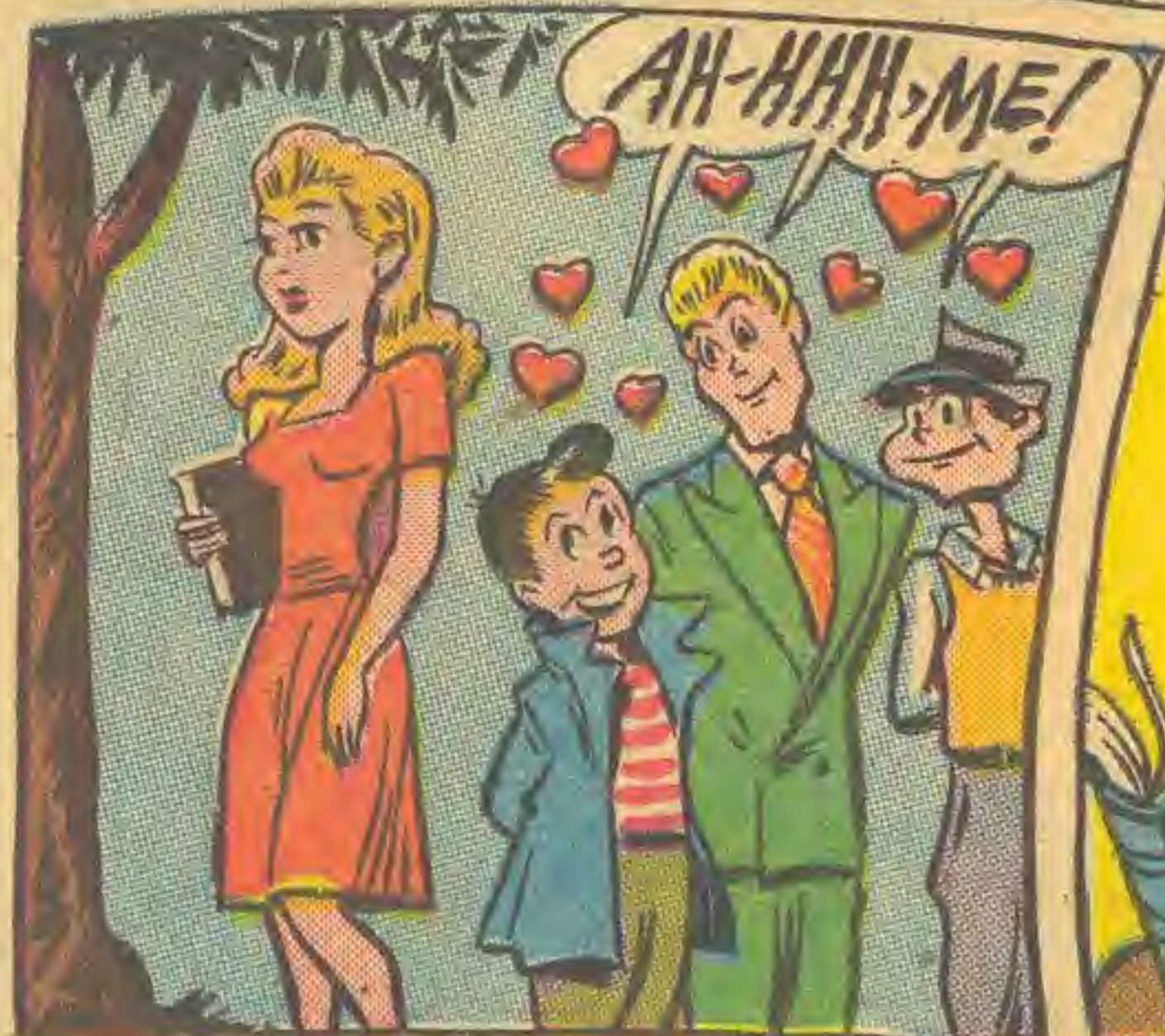
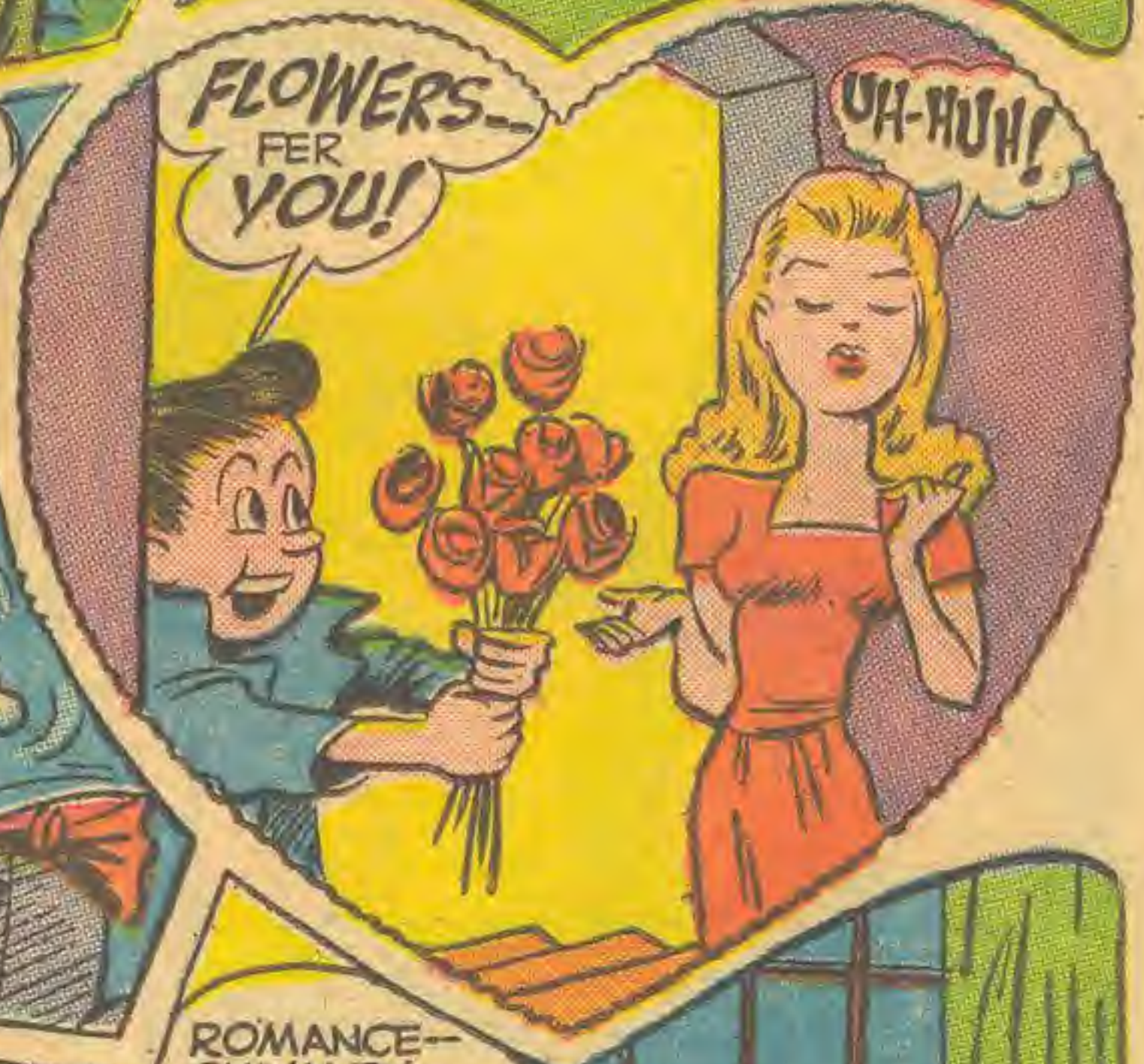
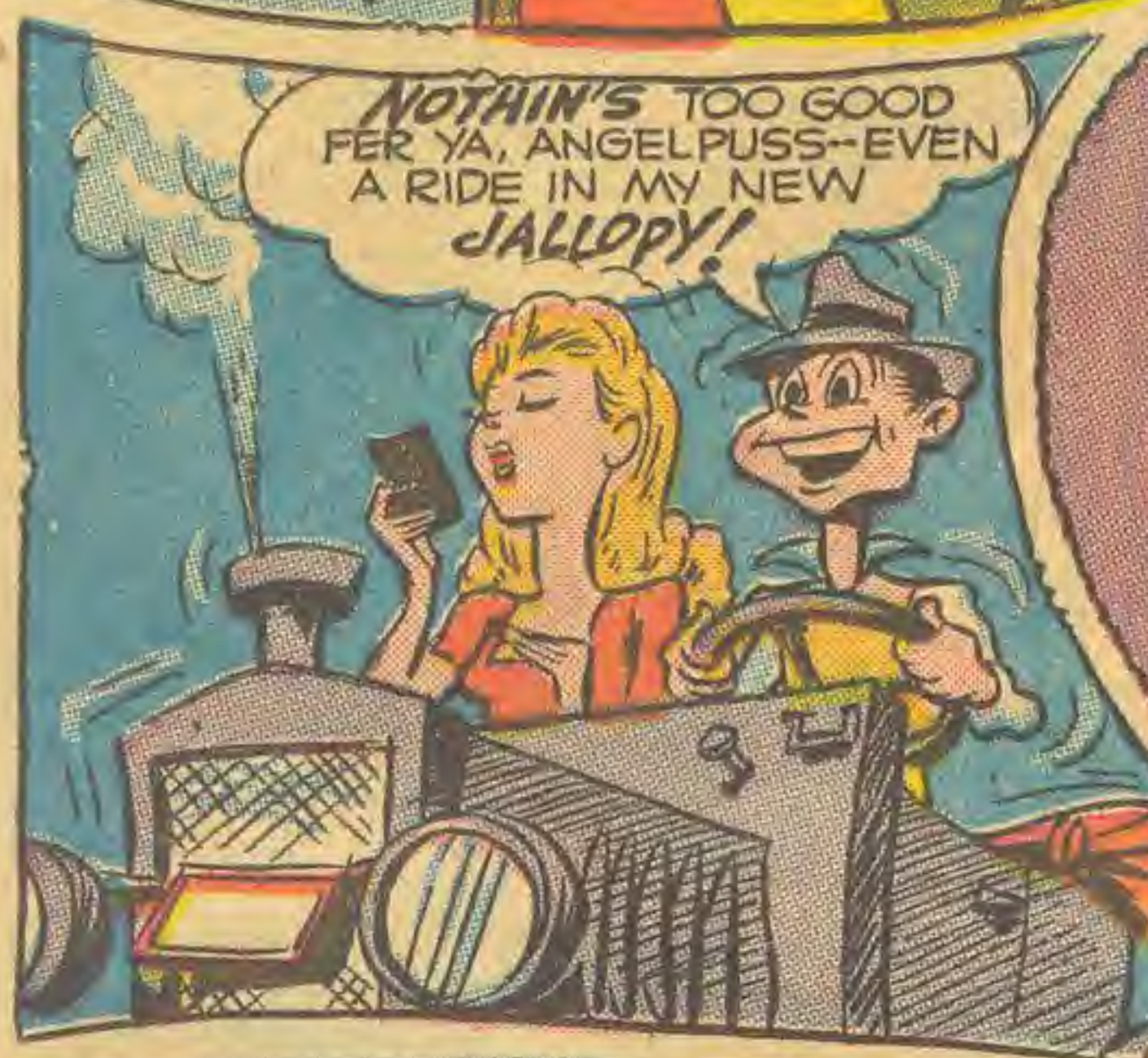
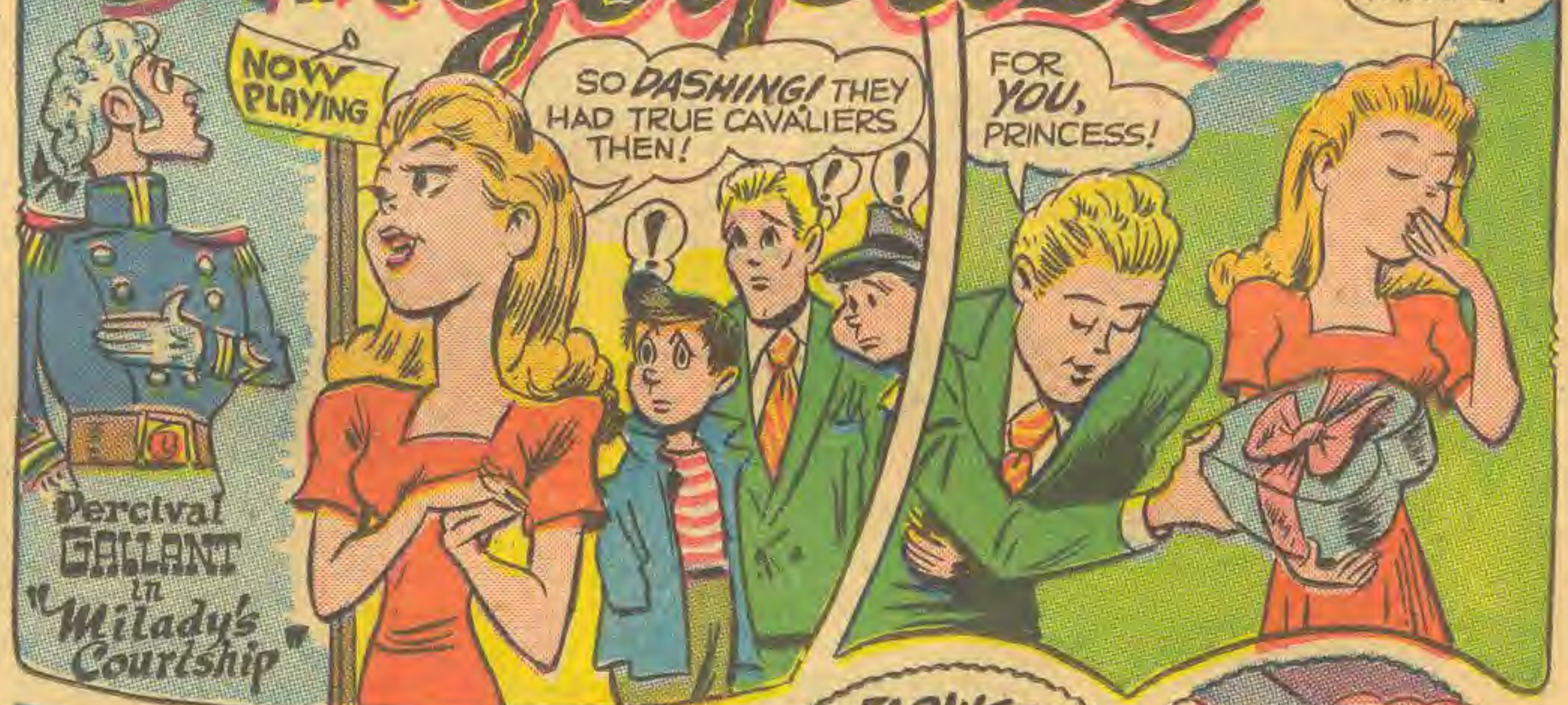
UHP! CAN THIS HAPPEN TA ME?

HEY?





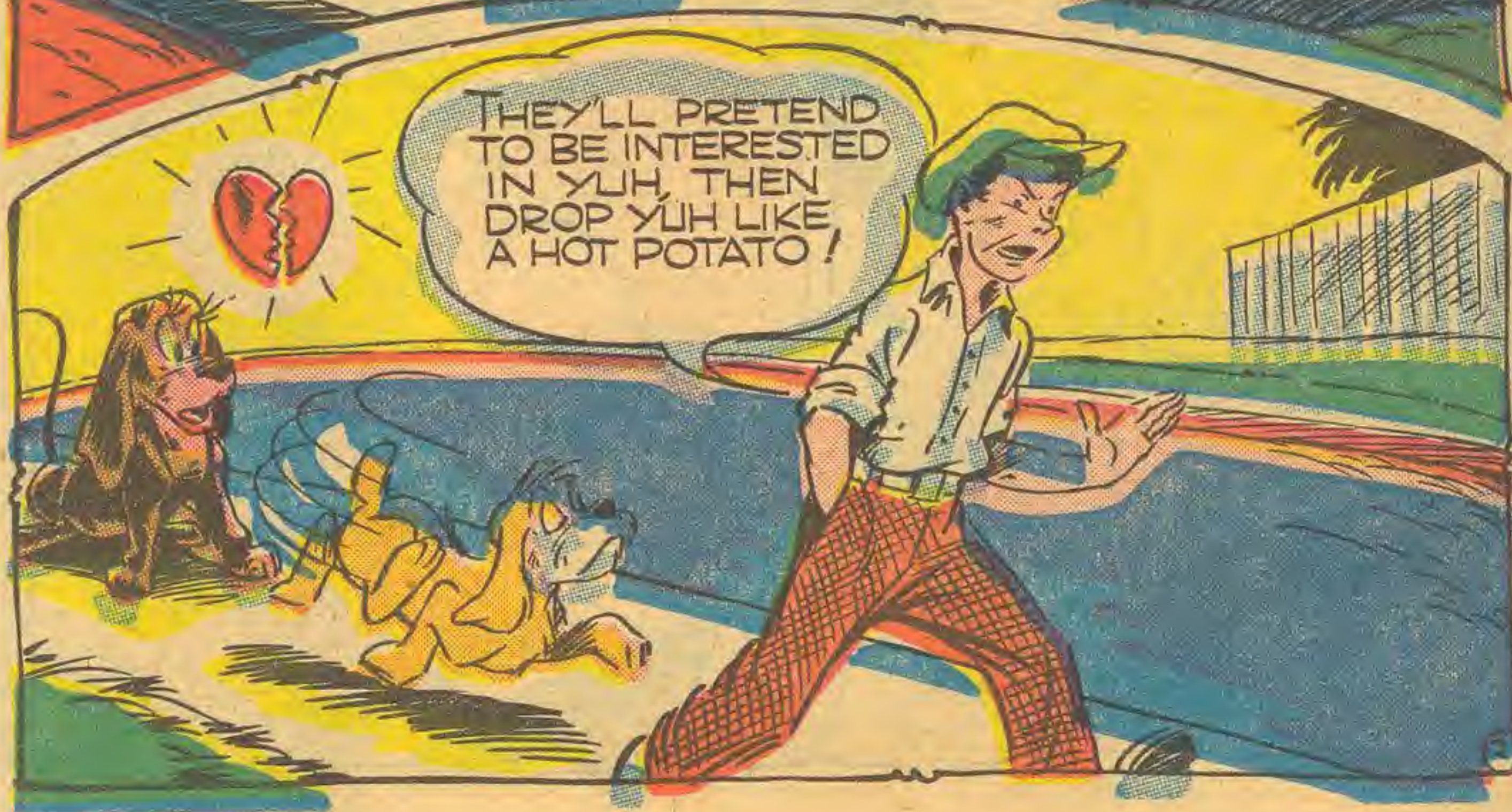
Angelpuss



BINKY

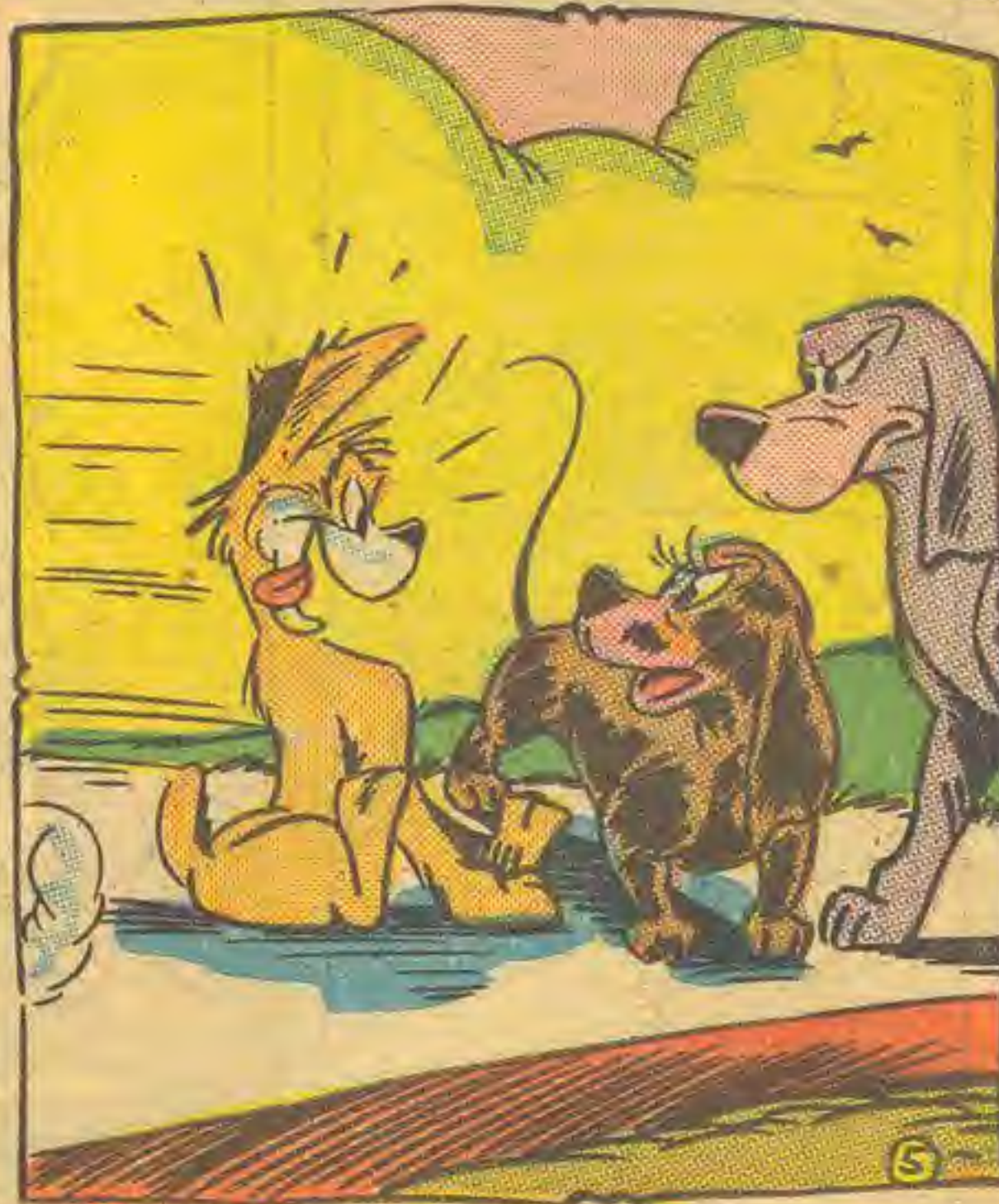
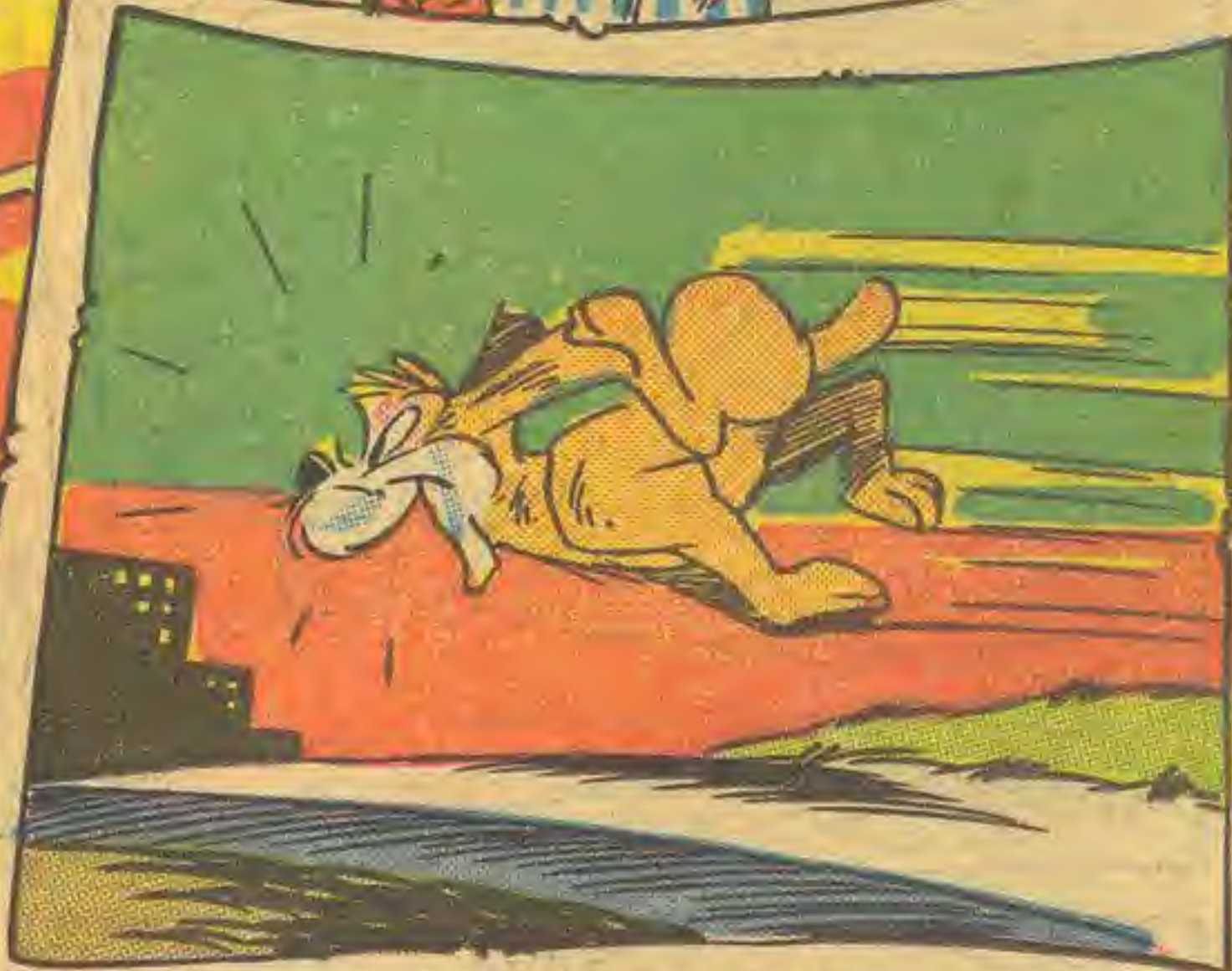
WOMEN!
PHOOEY!!~
NEVER AGAIN!

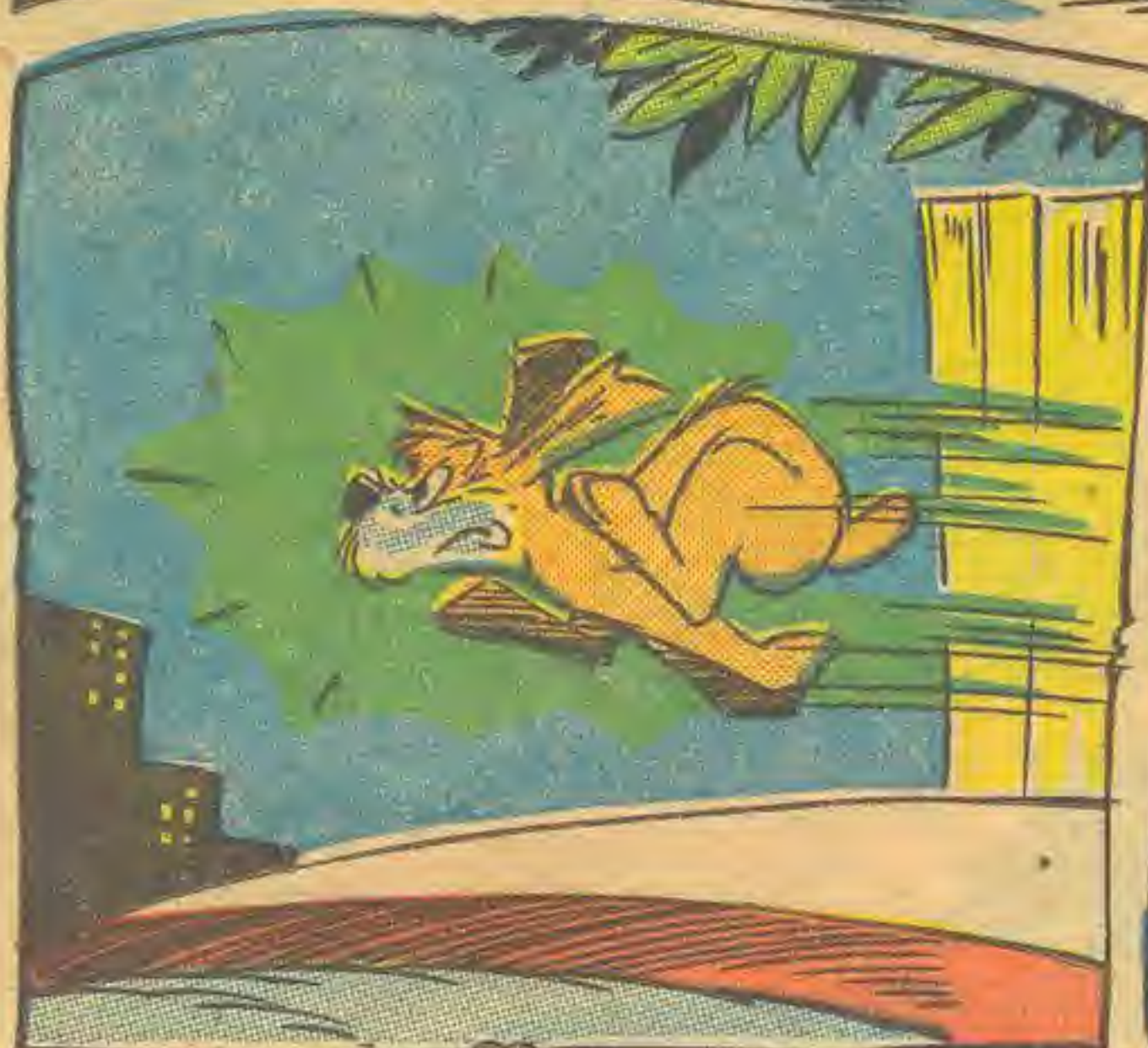
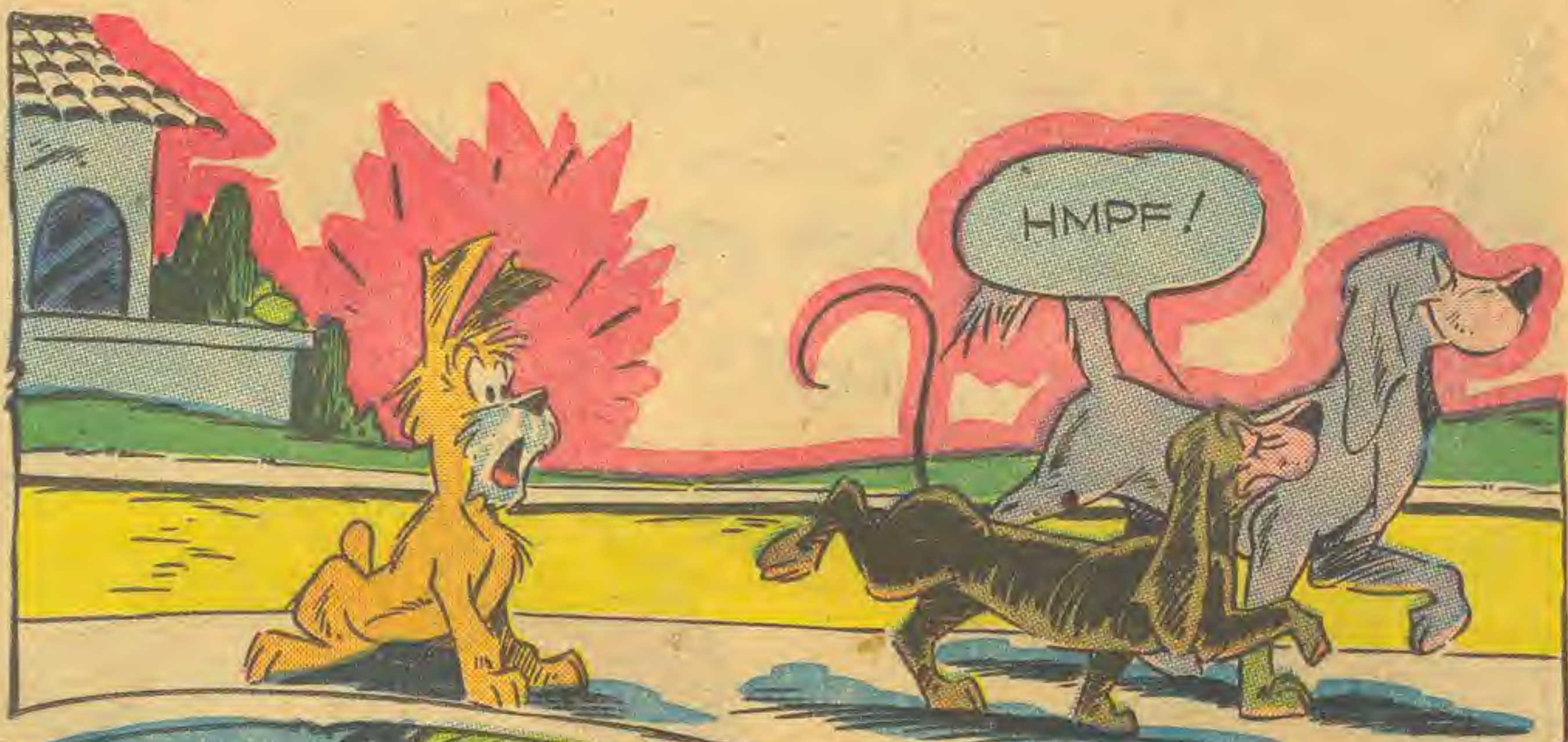












CANDIDATE COOKIE



"STEP up and gaze upon me!" proclaimed Zoot. "I have been nominated for the presidency of the Student Organization of good old Harelip High School!"

Zoot's announcement created a tremendous stir among the habitués of the Soda Jerkerie. Cookie listened intently as the new nominee told impressively of his selection by a "corkus" committee of the Jabberwocks, Harelip High's majority party. He knew that it was going to be a walkover for that collection of bigshot politicians—the minority party was the Hassenpfeffers, an ill-supported crew whose candidate was "The Brain". And he couldn't help resenting it when Angelpuss, her eyes shining, congratulated Zoot warmly.

"The Jabberwocks have been in office too long!" said Cookie firmly. "What Harelip High needs is a NEW DEAL! Me, I'm votin' fer the Hassenpfeffers—they'll give us an HONEST administration!"

But next day, in English class, The Brain's seat was empty. The word flashed around that he'd contracted the mumps—that the Hassenpfeffers would have to find themselves a new candidate! Their election committee held a hurried meeting at the Soda Jerkerie after school—and found that the situation was alarming. With an overwhelming victory for Zoot in the offing, nobody could be found who was willing to run against him! One of a cluster of fascinated onlookers, Cookie waxed eloquent. It was a durned shame, he said—the Hassenpfeffer ticket empty, and good government at stake! Angelpuss agreed fervently—and that was Zoot's cue! Nudging a crony meaningfully, he spoke up. "Well, as long's YOU'RE such a good citizen, Cookie, why don't YOU run?"

Caught off guard, Cookie could only stammer futilely. He faltered that a candidate must be duly nominated, but Zoot had the answer to THAT one. He turned to the listening Hassenpfeffer committee and

said: "Here's yer candidate, boys! You all know Cookie O'Toole—a man of undoubted courage an' honesty! WODDEYA SAY?"

"It's gotta be SOMEBODY!" a committee member mumbled. "OKAY—WE NOMINATE COOKIE!"

And so there it was. Next day, there was an election rally in the high school auditorium. Zoot spoke first, and his oratory brought down the house. He promised to turn student life at Harelip High into one long vacation—outings, school picnics and whatnot—and he was cheered to the echo. Then it was Cookie's turn. He'd never addressed a large audience in his life—small wonder that his knees knocked together and his tongue froze to the roof of his mouth! His words came haltingly as he compared the school situation with the big mayoralty election soon to take place in town. Too long had the town been ridden by the corrupt government of the majority party, led by Mayor Hoskins. Now a reform ticket, headed by Dr. Andrews, was campaigning spiritedly, but in a seemingly vain cause. "Wot they're tryin' ta give the town is wot I wanna bring ta Harelip High!" stammered Cookie, gulping. "An honest reform government fer the Student Organization! Now, I been studyin' the student budget, an' all I kin promise is blood, sweat an' tears! But anyhow, let's kick them Jabberwocks out an' install an honest administration by the Hassenpfeffers, which I, Cookie O'Toole, represent!"

That was all. Wretchedly, Cookie turned to leave the stage, amid an almost death-like silence broken weakly by a scattering of applause from Jitterbuck, Angelpuss and a few others, who ran to meet him. "Don't you mind!" cried Angelpuss, squeezing his arm warmly. "I'm for you!" Then she left—but the dark clouds had dispelled! With such support, he was determined to win through, come what may! Happiness kindled his generosity. "On to the Soda Jerk-

erie!" he thundered magnificently to Jitterbuck, and off they went. But Jitterbuck had something on his mind. "Hey, Cook!" he said. "I hear Zoot's plannin' dirty business! He knows the election'll be a pushover for him, but he yants ta snow ya under so deep that Angelpuss'll think he's a great man! An' he says he's gonna pull every trick in the book!"

"Oh, he IS, is he? Well, just let 'im try it! I'll—I'll—" Now wrapped in rage, he entered the Soda Jerkerie and slammed himself moodily into a booth, Jit at his side. Even a double chocolate malted couldn't assuage his anger—but the words which drifted from the next compartment brought him upright with a jerk. "It's all fixed!" someone was proclaiming. "We'll show this reform candidate he can't move in on US! He hasn't got a chance of winning the election, but if we can show him up, we'll be in more solid than ever!"

"WHY, THE SO-AN'-SOS!" breathed Cookie, clenching his fist. But a warning pressure from Jitterbuck silenced him, and he strained to hear the next words. Then

they came. "It's all arranged over at 21 Oak Drive—and when this thing busts, he'll be laughed outta town!" The voices died down, and with a start, the listening boys realized that the unknown speakers had left. "The RATS!" exclaimed Jit. "Whatta ya gonna do about it, Cookie—huh?"

"It's a cinch I won't take it lying down!" answered Cookie angrily. "I'm gonna beard the lion in his den, that's wot! Me, I'm bargain' in on 21 Oak Drive—just ta see wot's cookin'!" Shaking off Jitterbuck's offers to accompany him, he plodded seethingly toward his destination. It was an ornate stucco cottage of modern architecture, but details didn't interest him at the moment. He didn't even bother ringing the bell, but threw open the door and stormed inside. There was nobody in the corridor. Dwelling maliciously on how he was going to upset Zoot's applecart, he entered the first room he saw—and stopped short. Gee—it was like something out of the movies! A dim interior—silken drapes which shrouded a luxurious chamber in an aura of rich mystery. From a velvet divan came



a movement as a girl arose and moved toward him. Cookie gulped. Jeepers—she was BEAUTIFUL! Tall, slim, brunette—clad in a revealing gold creation—and now—she was talking! "You've come AT LAST!"

"Yeah!" said Cookie cautiously. He looked about him. "Where's my opponent—that goldurned opposition candidate?"

"Why, he hasn't come yet—you're a bit early! But won't little ME do—while you're waiting? You won't be lonesome—I promise!" At this point, she broke off, scanning him narrowly. "Say, is this room darker than I thought?" she inquired. "Are you sure YOU'RE the man who's running on the reform ticket?"

"I sure am!" retorted Cookie, his chest swelling just a bit at the thought. "But who are YOU?"

"Just call me Honey-Pie!" She dimpled prettily as she spoke the thrilling words, and sank onto the divan, her finger pressing a button in a box nearby. "Come sit down here next to me—I'm sure we've got SO much to talk about!"

Nervously, Cookie plumped himself down beside her. Just wait until he saw that Zoot—he'd show him a thing or two! He became aware that Honey-Pie was leaning toward him, and had thrown open a gleaming bar, from which the dull glint of bottles and glasses shone forth. "Drink, lambikins?" she was murmuring.

"Huh? Oh, SURE!" said Cookie, startled. "Ya got lemon soda, maybe—or root beer?" Honey-Pie laughed throatily and pressed a glass into his hand. It was at this moment that Cookie decided that she was MORE than beautiful—she was SUPER! Now she was raising her glass, and slipping her arm about his waist in the most companionable manner in the world. Then suddenly—the door flew wide! And on the threshold, her eyes twin pools of fiery rage, stood none other than—ANGELPUSS!

Poor Cookie—his explanations were in vain! Discreetly, Honey-Pie had vanished. "And you swore you'd be true to me!" cried Angelpuss. "I—I never want to even LOOK at you again, Cookie O'Toole!" She stormed from the house with Cookie hot

on her heels, frantically attempting to tell her what had happened—but to no avail! Angelpuss wouldn't listen. As she flounced off indignantly, Cookie felt a touch on his shoulder. It was Jitterbuck. "Gee, she looks MAD!" he said. "Wot happened—did I do sump'n wrong? I told 'er about the setup, an' she insisted on bargin' in."

When the awful story had unfolded, Jitterbuck was thoughtful. "Yer in a mess, kid!" he retorted finally. "Now, I figger we oughta get after this dame Honey-Pie, see? We gotta clear you—so we bring her to Angelpuss an' make her tell how you're an innocent man!"

It was a swell idea—except that 21 Oak Drive was empty when they returned. There wasn't a clue to Honey-Pie's whereabouts—except for a baggage-tag reading "Hotel National." So off to the hotel they went. Clearing his throat, Cookie approached the room-clerk. "Have you a Miss—or—Honey-Pie registered here?"

"What is this—a joke?" the clerk retorted irritably. "Scram—and stop wasting my time!"

It took good old Jitterbuck to smooth things over. Remembering Cookie's description, he took a try at it. "My pal here, he's forgetful!" he told the man. "He's got a message ta deliver ta some tall, dark, gorgeous babe—now, what WOULD her name be—?"

"Oh—HER!" said the clerk crossly. "Luella Laverne—Room 213!"

Yes, Honey-Pie and Luella were one and the same—and exceedingly startled at Cookie's visit! She refused outright to accompany him. What was he to do now? The answer came with magical suddenness. From the door came a harsh voice: "STICK 'EM UP!" And into the room there swaggered an odd figure. It had Jitterbuck's figure and clothes, but the hat was pulled down and a large mustache adorned the upper lip. One hand reposed menacingly in a pocket, which doubtless contained a gun, pointed toward Honey-Pie! Then came the voice again: "Not a sound outa ya—an' ye're comin' with us, see?"

En route, Jitterbuck confided whisperingly to Cookie that the mustache was bristles from one of the hotel's floor brushes, applied with the necessary touch of glue. When the calvacade arrived at Angelpuss's house, it developed that she had just left to attend the big political rally at which the mayor and the opposing candidate were to speak.

The lights had been extinguished in the big City Hall auditorium when they entered, and the crowd was intent on the spotlighted figure of Mayor Hoskins. "My opponent, the reform candidate, promises you a clean, honest government!" he was shouting. "He claims to be an upright family man—but I'm going to prove that in private life, he's a VILLAIN—a SNAKE!" From the rear of the hall came a beam of light. A moving-picture was projected on a screen—and suddenly Cookie felt his eyes almost darting from their sockets! There

was the inside of the room at 21 Oak Drive—and there HE was, a glass in his hand, with Honey-Pie's arm about him! There was a gasp from the audience—then a roar of laughter. The lights went on—to reveal people literally rolling in the aisles. "The reform candidate" someone sputtered. "It—it was COOKIE O'TOOLE!" "There he is now!" a man called out. "C'mon up and give us the lowdown, Cookie!"

Willing hands dragged him to the platform, where he found himself confronted by Dr. Andrews, the reform candidate for Mayor, and Mayor Hoskins himself, red-faced and growling. And here, with almost the whole town listening, Cookie tried to explain what had happened. Stage-fright made him rather incoherent, but suddenly he spied Honey-Pie trying to slip from the hall. "Th-ther she is!" he cried. "The girl in the picture! Get her up here—she'll tell you—"

Honey-Pie told them—how Mayor Hoskins had bribed her to put on her little act—how he had arranged with the reform candidate, whom she had never seen, to arrive at 21 Oak Drive at five o'clock, on a trumped-up excuse of "discussing town problems." How, when Cookie had entered earlier, she mistook him for the intended victim—and the rest they had seen, via an automatic motion-picture camera!

Next morning, the papers were full of the news. But magically, Cookie had been transformed into the greatest hero of the day. Nobody realized that he had misunderstood the setup and thought that it was Zoot, trying to frame HIM. Instead, the press spoke glowingly about Cookie's courage in behalf of good government. The town election was a forgone conclusion—Mayor Hoskins was overwhelmingly defeated. And then came the contest for president of the Student Organization of Harelip High School. Unable to stand the prospect of a strutting victory for Zoot, Cookie crept home. He'd tried hard, but it was just no use—not with the strong political forces of the Jabberwocks allied against him! It seemed like ages later when a knocking at the door cut the clouds of his misery. "C-come in!" he murmured forlornly—and Angelpuss and Jitterbuck burst into the room. "Put it there, ol' kid, ol' kid!" Jitterbuck was yelling. "Three cheers fer the Hassenpfeffers! Boy—are WE in the groove!"

"Wot—wot's it all about?" asked Cookie dazedly. Angelpuss's eyes were shining as she pressed his hand. "You've WON!" she breathed. "You—YOU'RE PRESIDENT OF THE STUDENT ORGANIZATION!"

"Yeah!" caroled Jitterbuck. "An' by a vote of 623 ta 1! The Jabberwocks got only one vote, an' you know who cast THAT one—ZOOT!"

But Cookie wasn't listening. Precious though his victory might be, he was reeling under the impact of an even greater one—Angelpuss's softly-whispered "Oh, Cookie—you're SUPER! C-can you EVER forgiye me?"

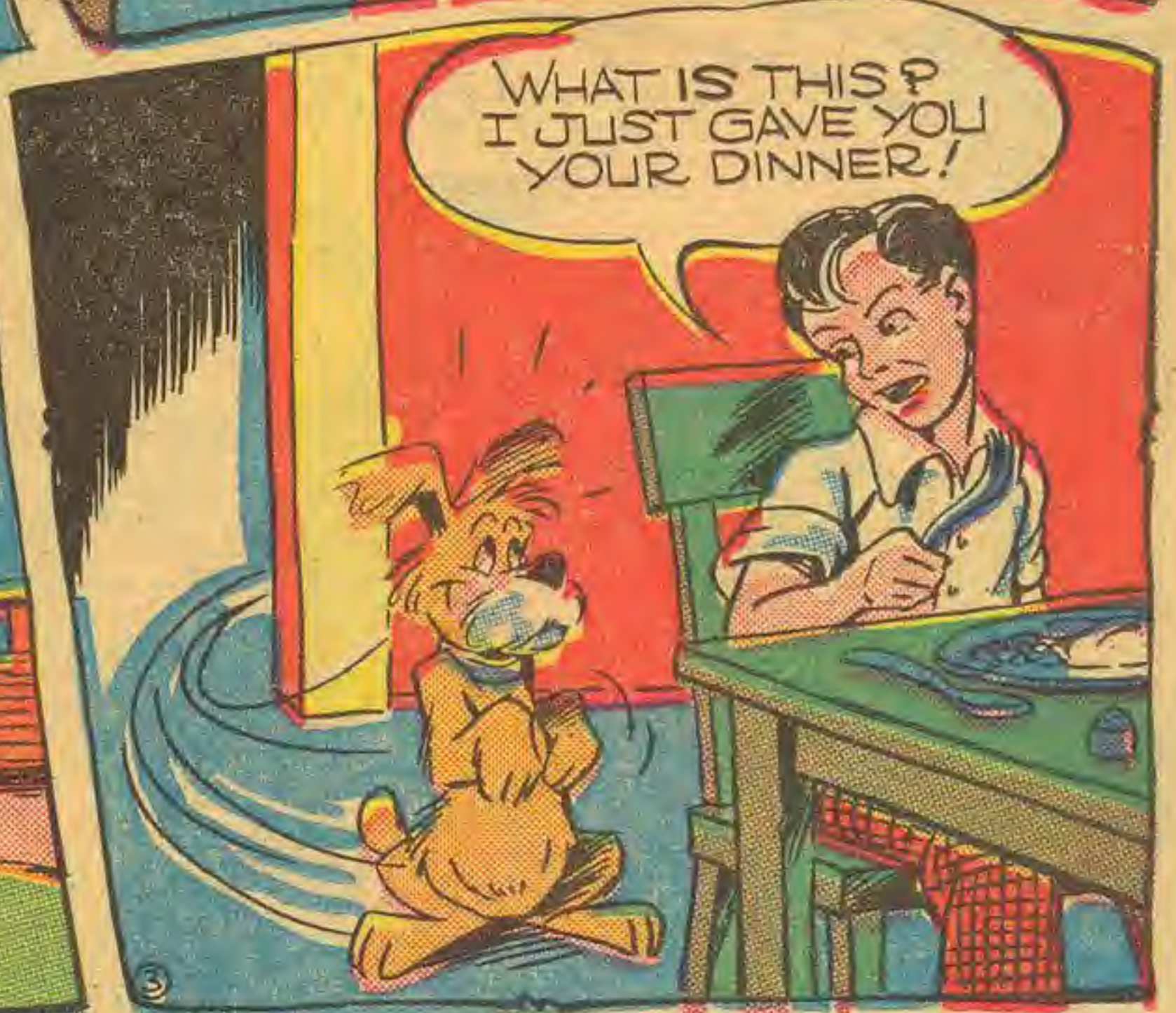
A CASE OF MISTAKEN NONENTITY



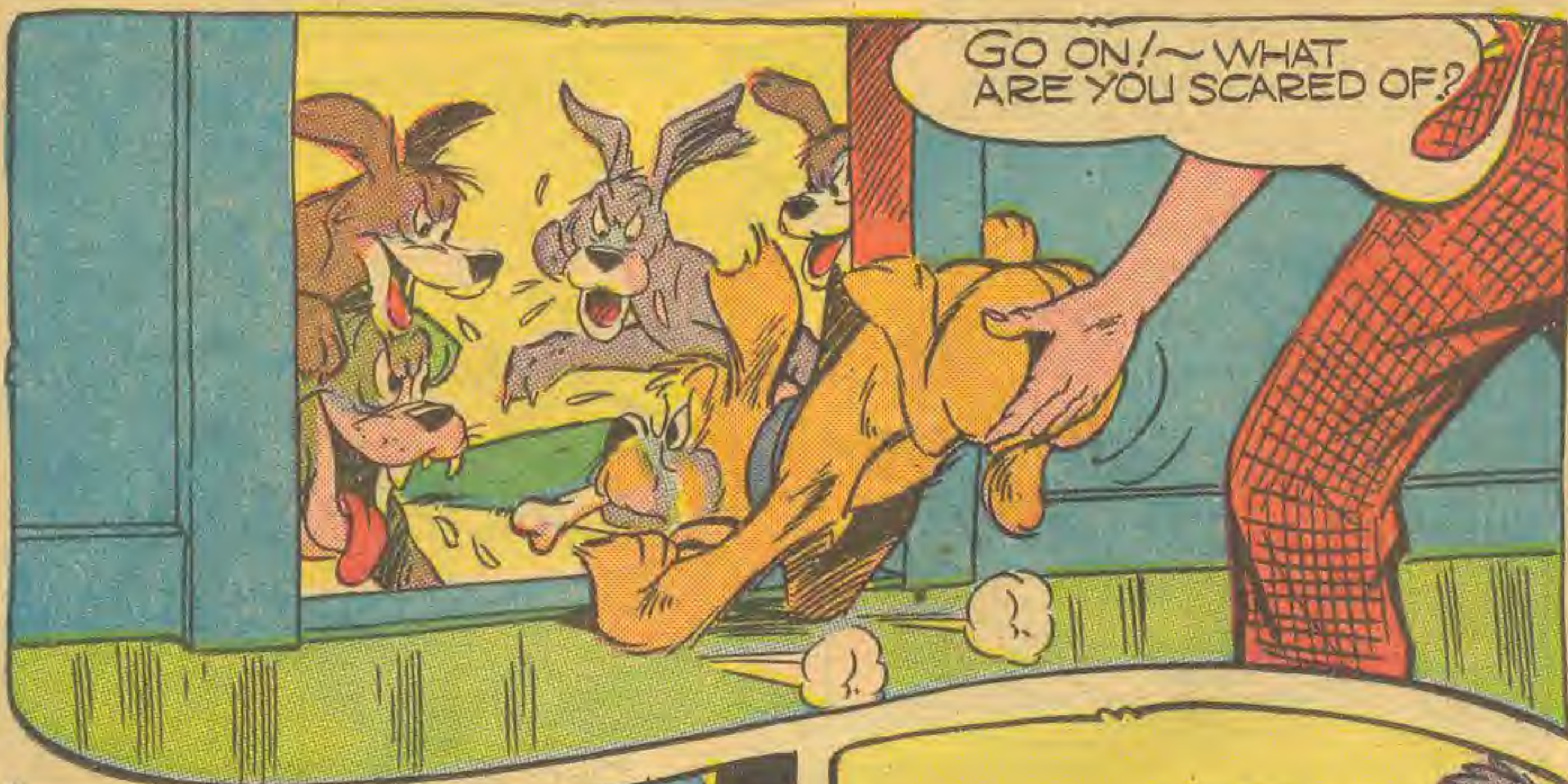
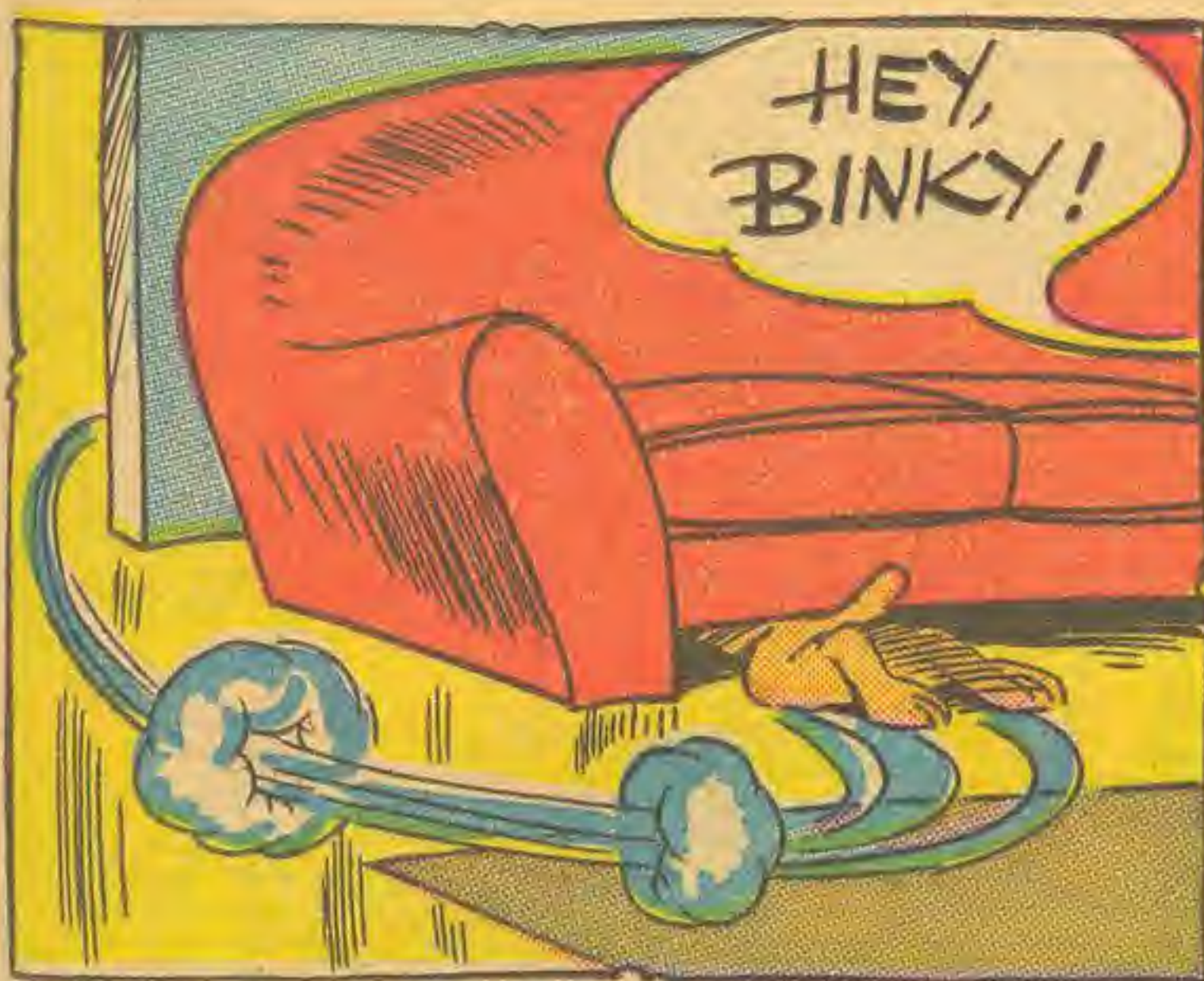
BINKY

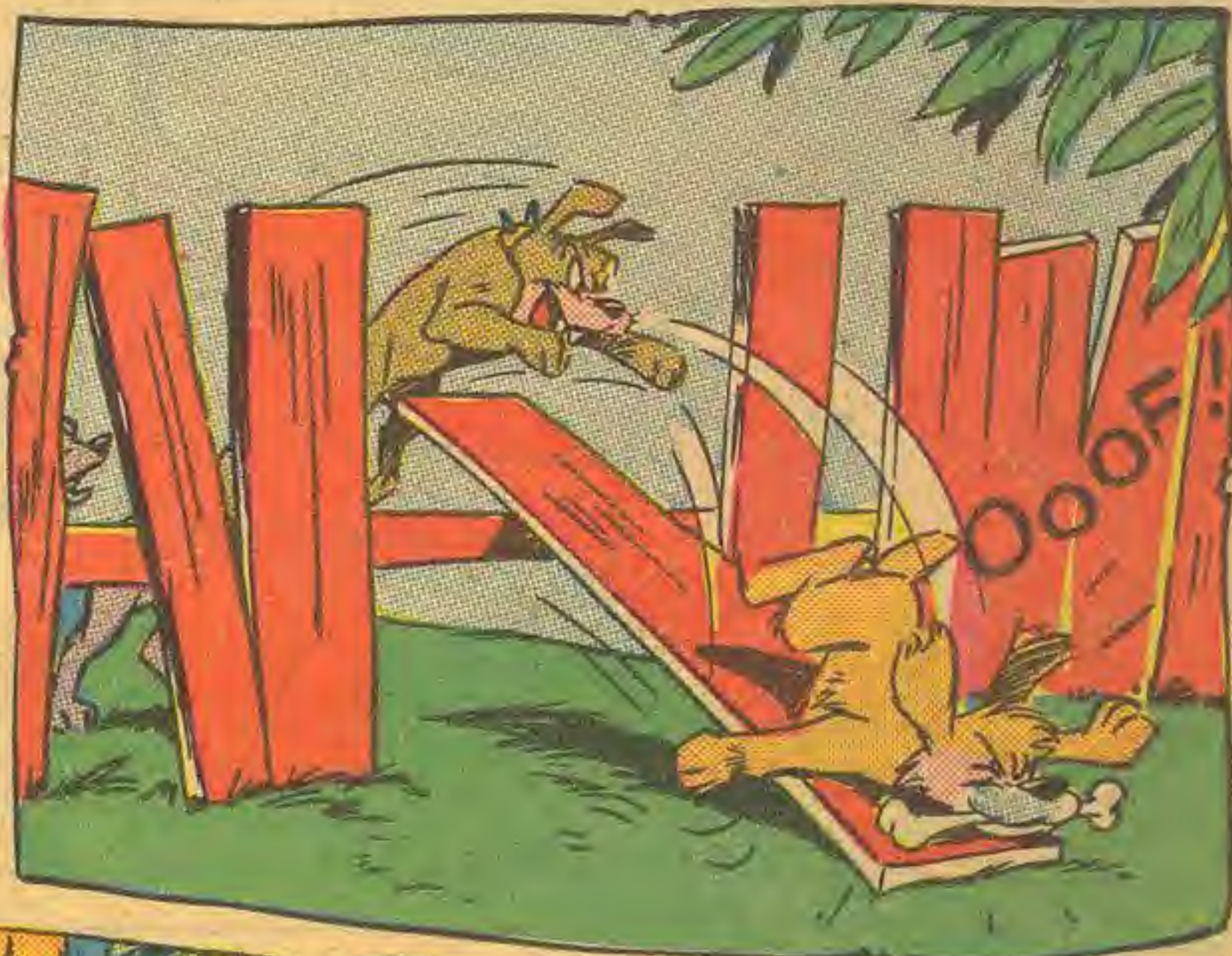




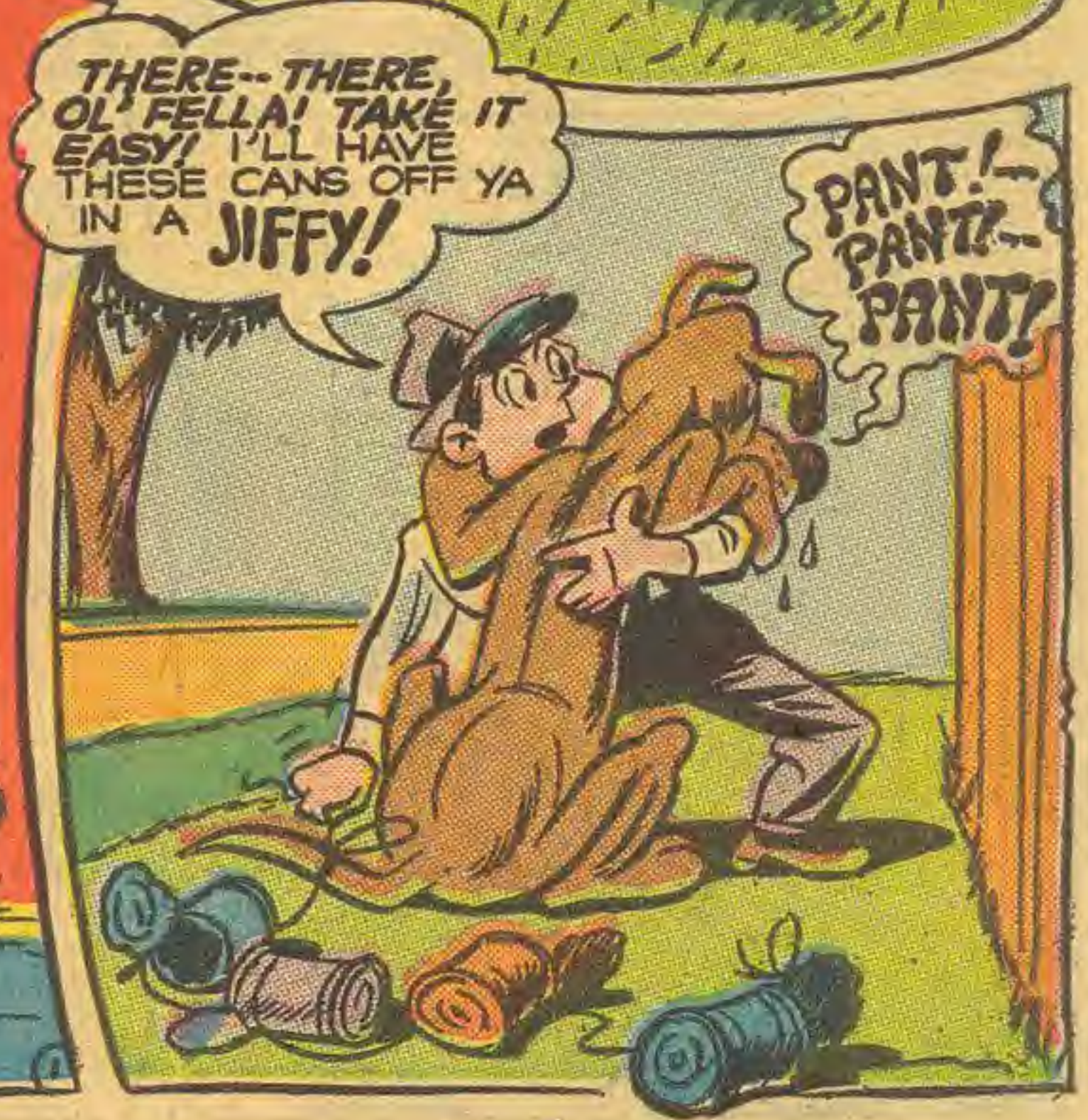
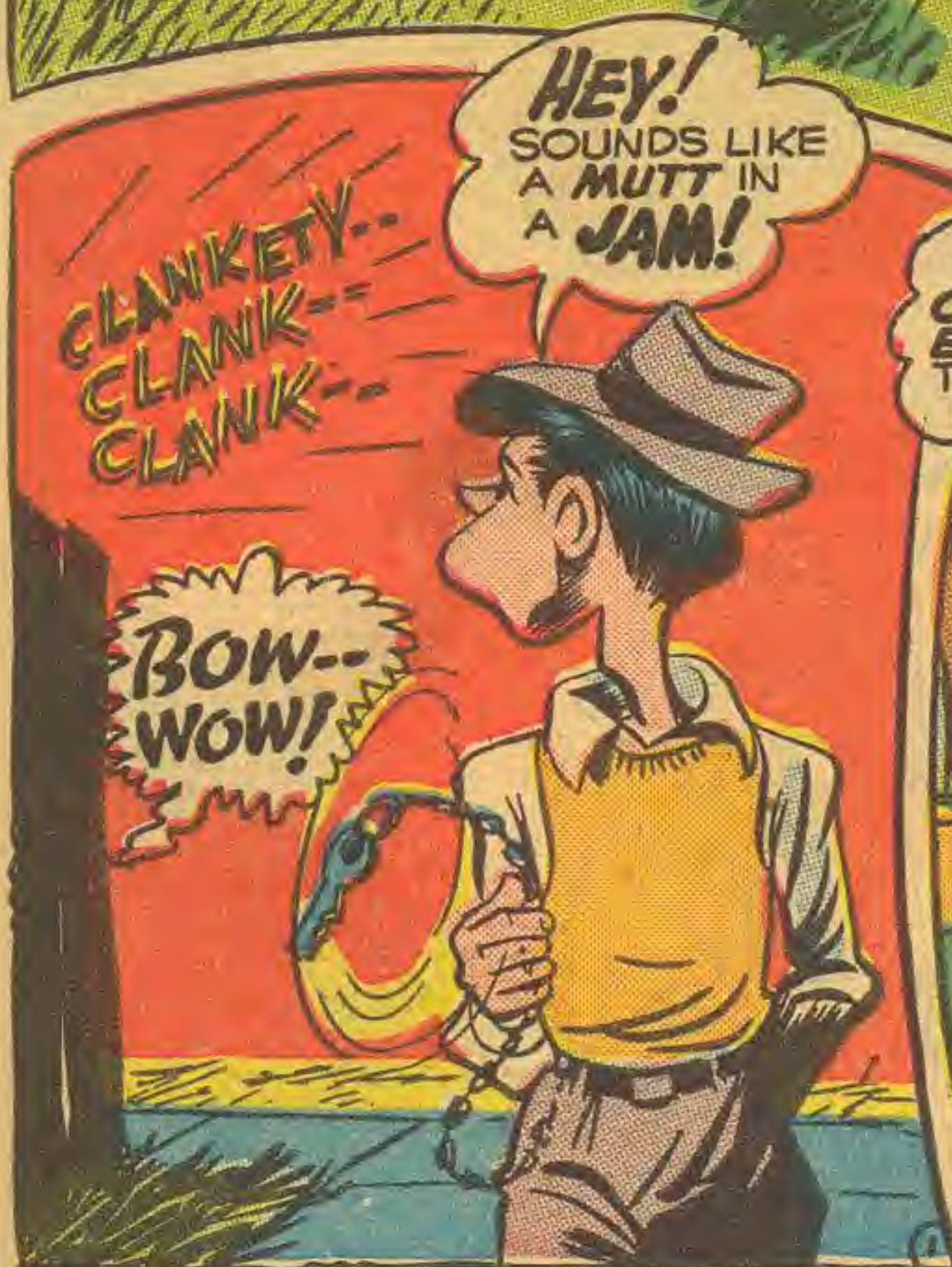


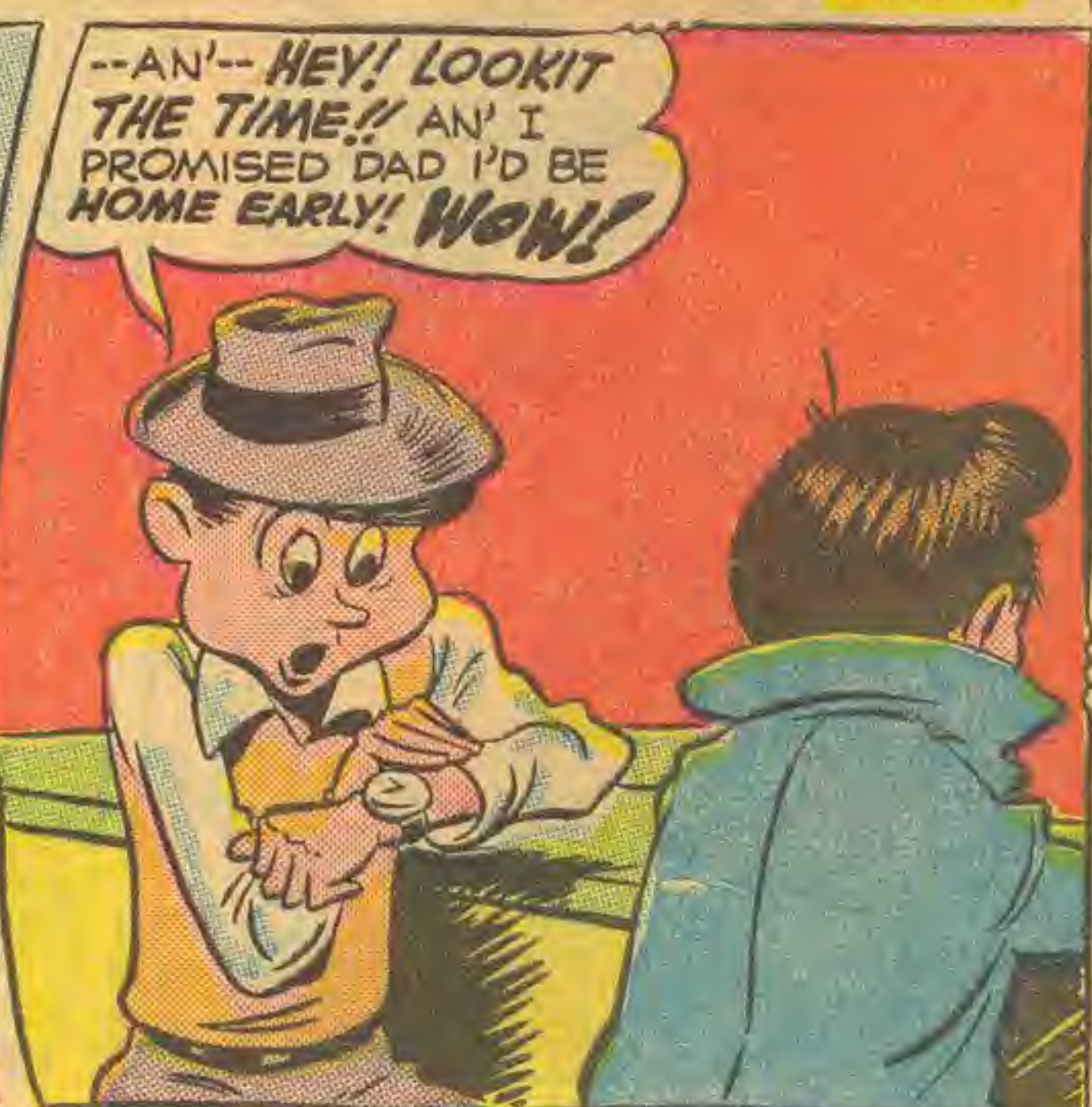






JITTERBUCK





GOLLY! IF DAD FINDS OUT
HOW LATE I'M COMIN' IN,
HE'LL MOIDER ME!
TCH! TCH!-

ALL DARK! HE'S
GONE TA BED! BOY!
AM I IN LUCK!

ARF!

NO--
DOGGIE!
QUIET!
NO!
STOP!

YIPE!

LEGGO!
STOP!
OW-OOO!!

HEY!--
WHAT'S GOIN' ON
DOWN HERE,
ANYWAY?!

ARF-ARF!
RRR-RROWWW!

ARF!

SO-O-O! CAUGHT
YOU SNEAKIN'
IN, EH? WHAT DID
I TELL YOU ABOUT
COMIN' HOME
EARLY?

BUT--
DAD--
I-I-!

BUT DAD, PLEASE!
DON'T! OW-W-W!!
THAT'S WHERE THE
DOG BIT ME!
HAL-LUP!

Next
Morning!

HERE, DOGGIE!
NICE DOGGIE!
COME TO
JITTERBUCK!

Home
Sweet
Home

00



He's yours, all yours--
and you'll
love him!

I'M JUST A COOKIE-
ROOKIE NOW-- BUT
I'M GONNA KEEP
READIN' HIM TILL
I'M A VETERAN!



THE WHOLE COUNTRY CLAMORED
FOR ITS GREATEST, MOST APPEALING
BOY HERO -- AND HERE'S THE NEW
BOOK THAT'S GIVING HIM
TO 'EM!



FOR LAUGHS AND ROARS, JUST
WAIT TILL YOU MEET THIS TEEN-
AGE TERROR! HE'S UNCLE SAM'S
FAVORITE NEPHEW -- AND
**EVERYBODY'S
SWEETHEART!**

AH--
MY TYPE
EXACTLY!

SEZ
YOU!



TRANSLATED, MEANS "MAYBE
I CAN'T READ YET, BUT THE
PICTURES SIMPLY DRIVE
ME KA-RAZY!"

LAUGH? SURE --
WHEN I CATCH
UP WITH 'IM!



UGH! COOKIE, HIM
HEAP BIG HERO! HIM
INDIAN NAME "CHIEF
LAUGH-TILL-SIDES
SPLIT!" UGH!



AW, GEE-- YER ONLY
SAYIN' IT BECAUSE YA
KNOW IT'S TRUE!



SO REMEMBER YOUR DATE
EVERY MONTH WITH YOUR
PAL AND MINE -- "COOKIE!"




YA HEARD WOT THE MAN SAID! SO IF WOT
YER AFTER IS THE FUNNIEST, LAUGHINGEST
MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD, DON'T FORGET --
BUY "COOKIE" EVERY MONTH, SEE?

MY
HERO!

GR-RRR!

Okay, Folks -- You've met *Cookie O'Toole*! But you'll never
guess what's going to happen to him in our next issue!
Watch for it -- or you'll be **SOR-RY!** 🎵🎵🎵

SKIN-NY



YUP! SKINNY'S
MY NAME, THOUGH
YOU'D NEVER
GUESS IT
TODAY!



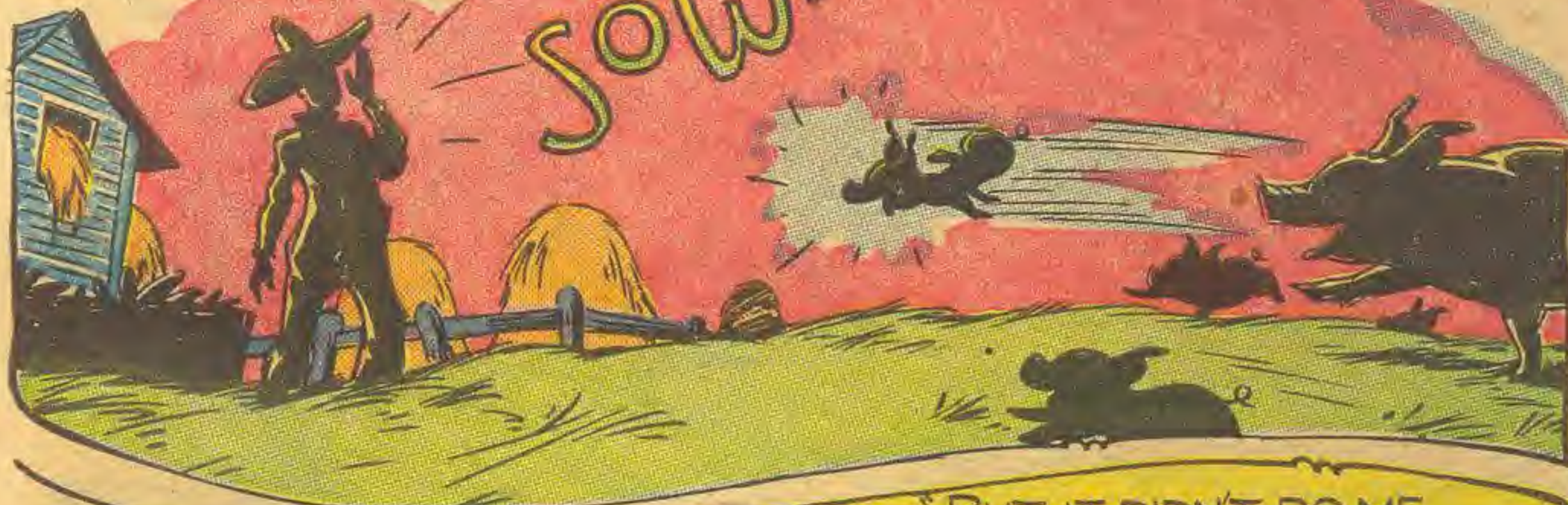
AT ONE TIME,
MY NAME SUITED
ME—I WAS THE
RUNT OF MY FAMILY!
BUT THAT'S A
STORY IN ITSELF!



"I WAS BORN LAST IN A LITTER OF NINE, SO
YOU SEE FROM THE START I WAS BEHIND
THE EIGHT BALL!"

"AS YOU KNOW PIGS LOVE CORN-
AND I WAS NO EXCEPTION! BEING
THE RUNT OF THE LITTER HAD ITS
ADVANTAGES! I WAS SO LIGHT
ON MY FEET, I COULD SAIL
THROUGH THE AIR!"

SOWIE-E!!



"I ALWAYS GOT THERE
FIRST!"



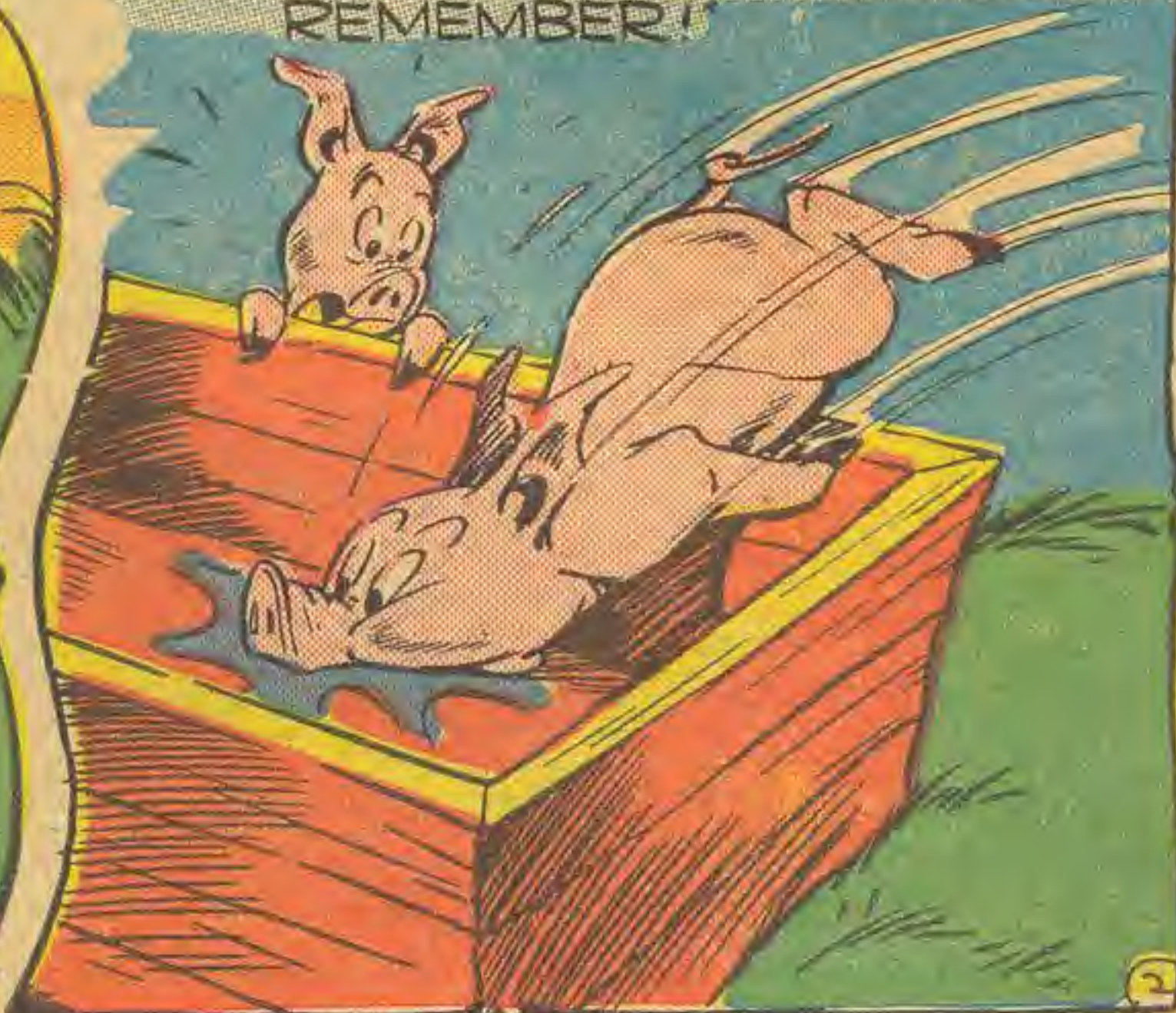
"BUT IT DIDN'T DO ME
MUCH
GOOD!!"



"SOMETIMES I WAS
LUCKY-THEY'D FORGET
A KERNEL OR TWO -"



"BUT SOMETIMES THEY'D
REMEMBER!"

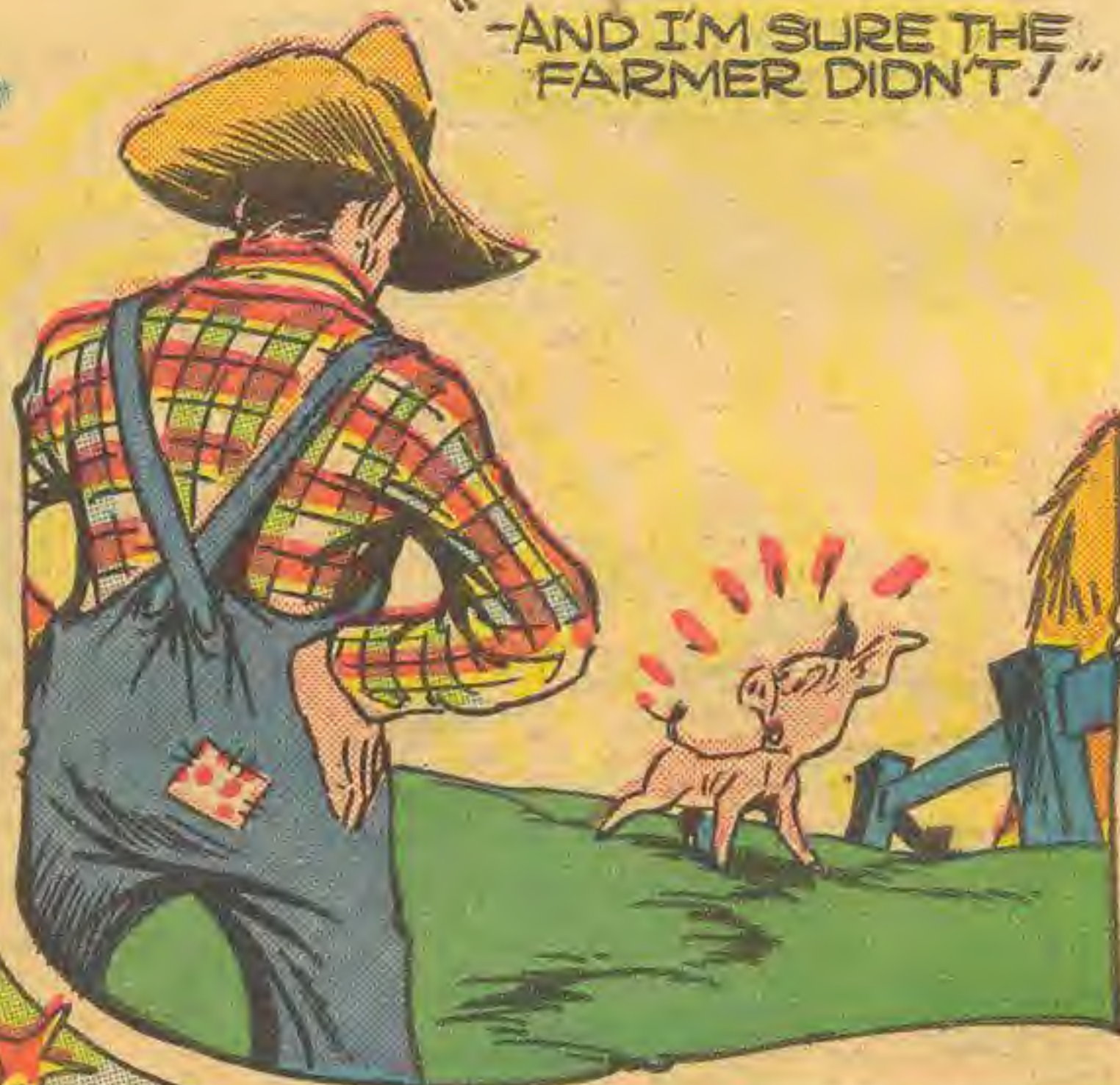


"ALL OF THIS NATURALLY
KEPT ME MY BOYISH
FIGURE, BUT WHO WANTED
A BOYISH FIGURE?~

--I DIDN'T!--



"-AND I'M SURE THE
FARMER DIDN'T!"



"WELL, SOME FELLOWS GET
THE SHORT END OF THE
STICK~I GOT THE WRONG
END OF THE LEG!"



"I WAS TOLD I WASN'T
WORTH MY WEIGHT IN
FEED, AND JUDGING FROM
THE FEED I WAS GETTING
YOU CAN IMAGINE HOW
VALUABLE
I FELT!"

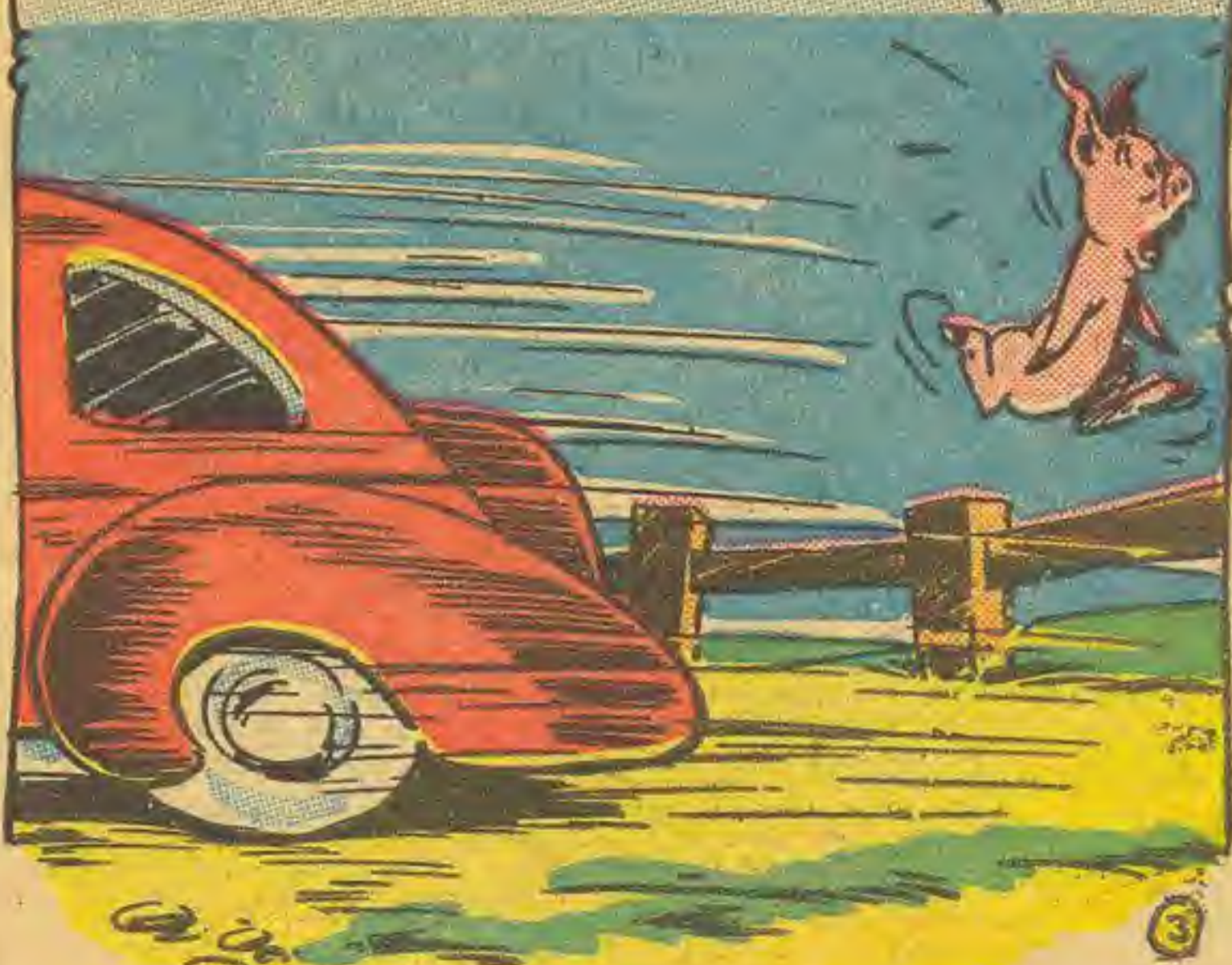


"SO, SAD AT HEART,
I WENT MY WAY~
ALONE~
BITTER~
AND HUNGRY!~
AWFULLY
HUNGRY!!

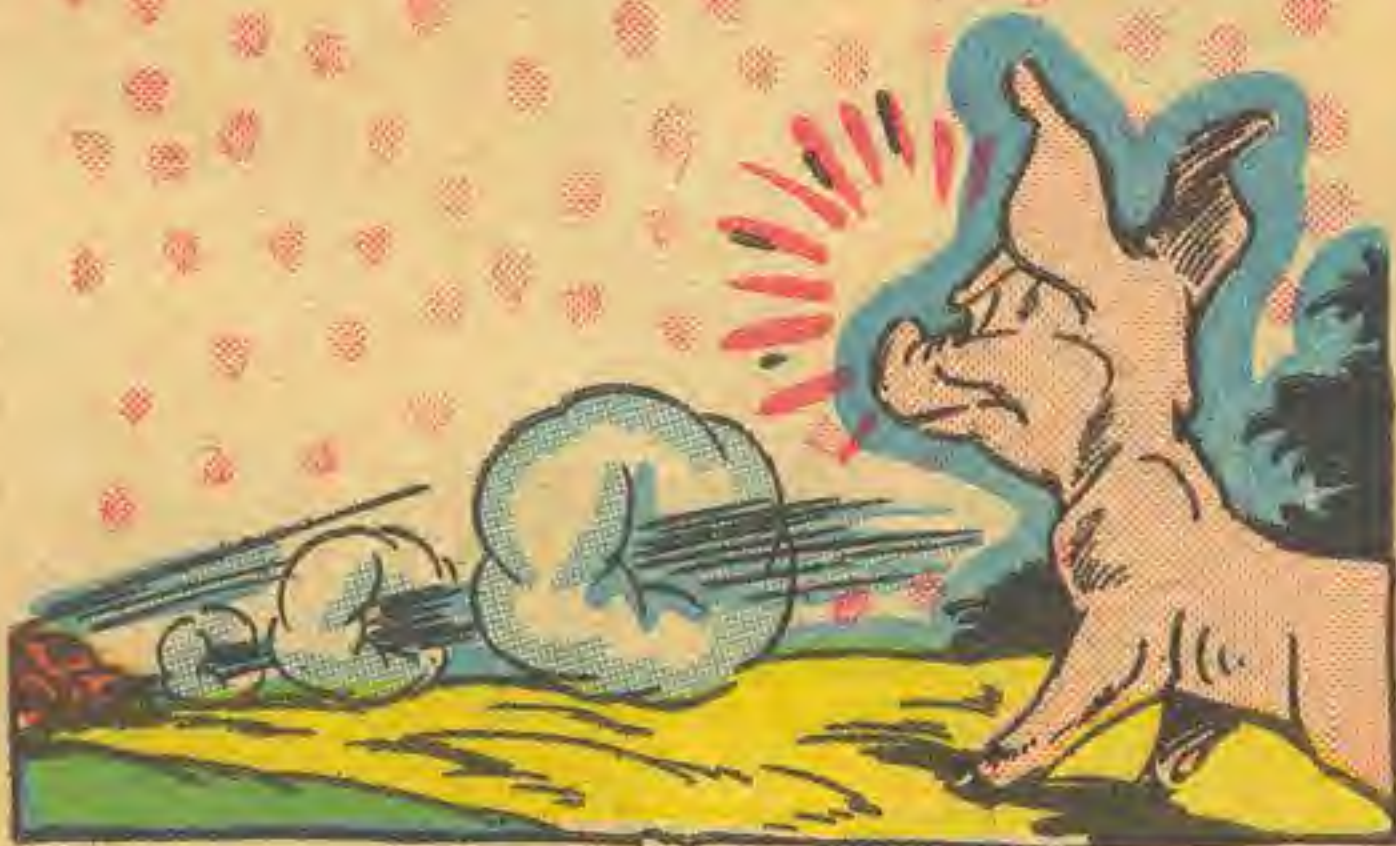
(I FELT THAT NOTHING ANY
WORSE COULD HAPPEN!)



"BUT IT USUALLY
DID!"



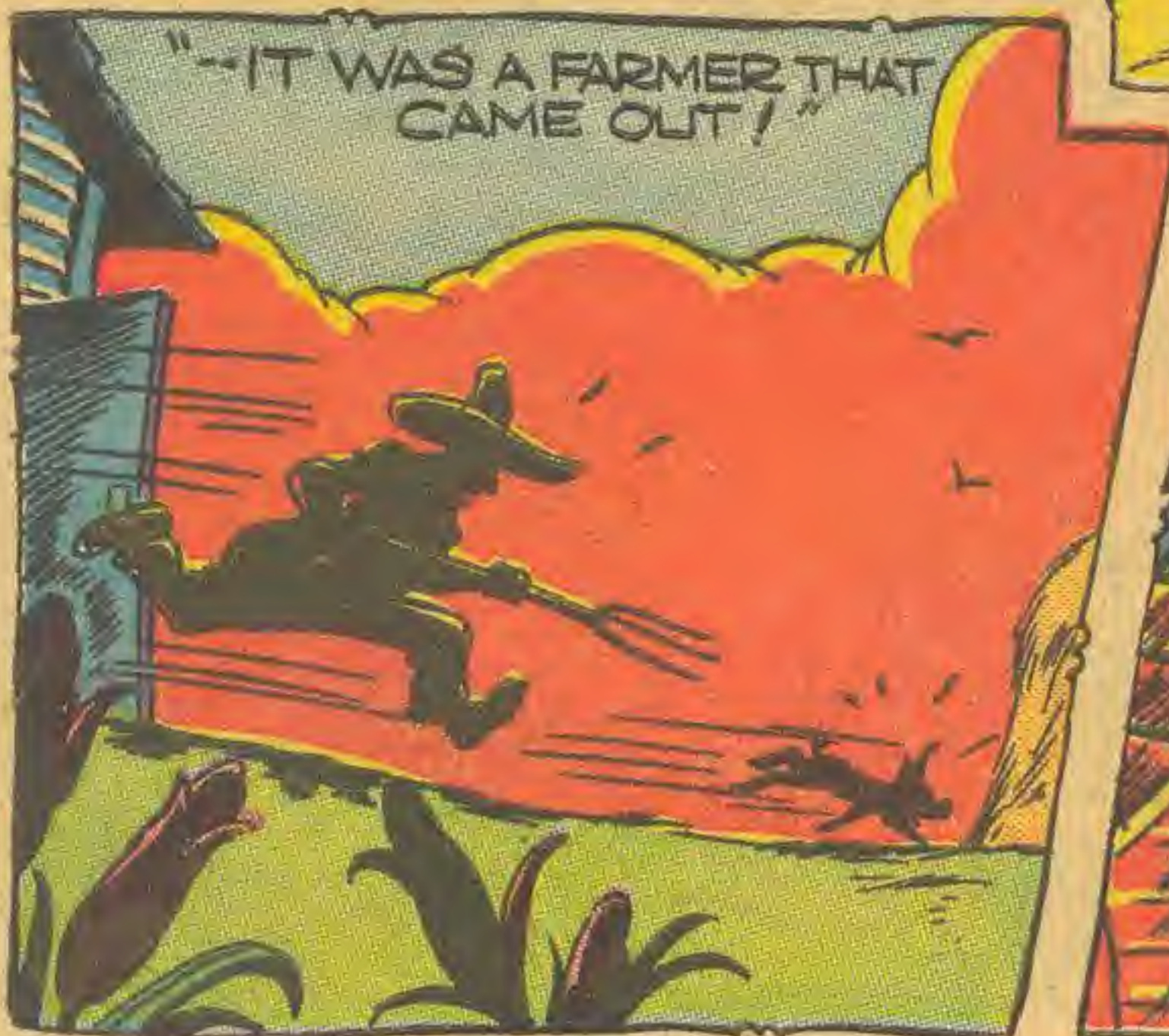
"I MAY BE A PIG, BUT I
WASN'T A ROAD-HOG!"



FOOD WAS WHERE I FOUND
IT, AND WHEN OPPORTUNITY
KNOCKED AT THE DOOR --



"--IT WAS A FARMER THAT
CAME OUT!"



"THROUGH RAIN, SLEET
AND HAIL I TRUDGED
ON --"



"EVEN THE HOUSING
PROBLEM WAS DIFFICULT!"



"ON I WENT, DAY AFTER
DAY -- GROWING RUNTIER
AND RUNTIER!"



THEN ONE DAY IT
HAPPENED!



IT WAS THE BIGGEST AND
THE QUEEREST HOUSE I EVER
SAW! THERE WAS MUSIC, PEOPLE
AND LAUGHTER! IT WAS
WONDERFUL!



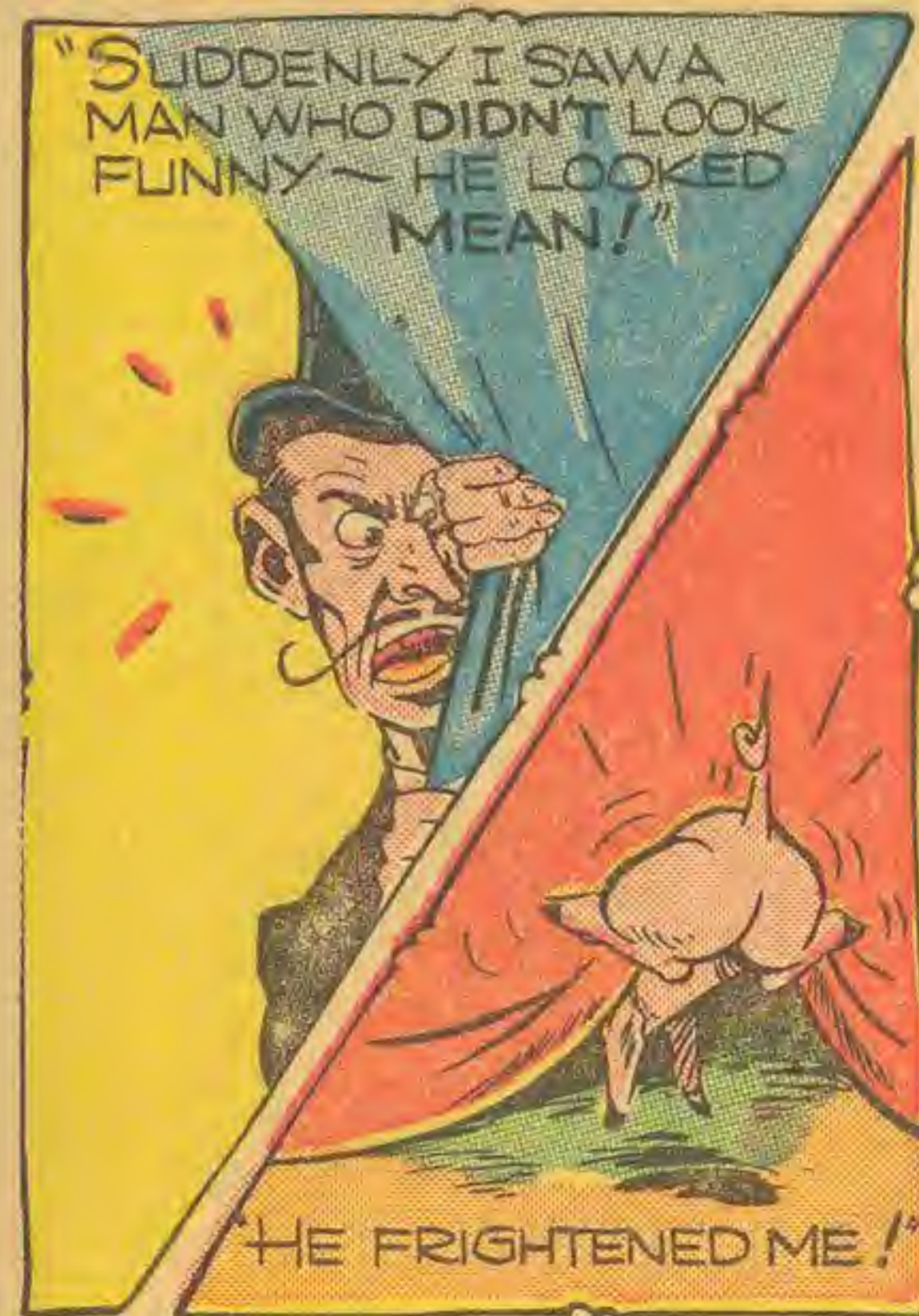
"MY CURIOSITY WAS AROUSED,
SO I WENT DOWN! I ALMOST
REGRETTED IT!"



"BUT FINALLY I EDGED
MYSELF OVER TO THIS
STRANGE HOUSE! THERE
WERE LOTS OF FUNNY MEN
IN SILLY CLOTHES!"



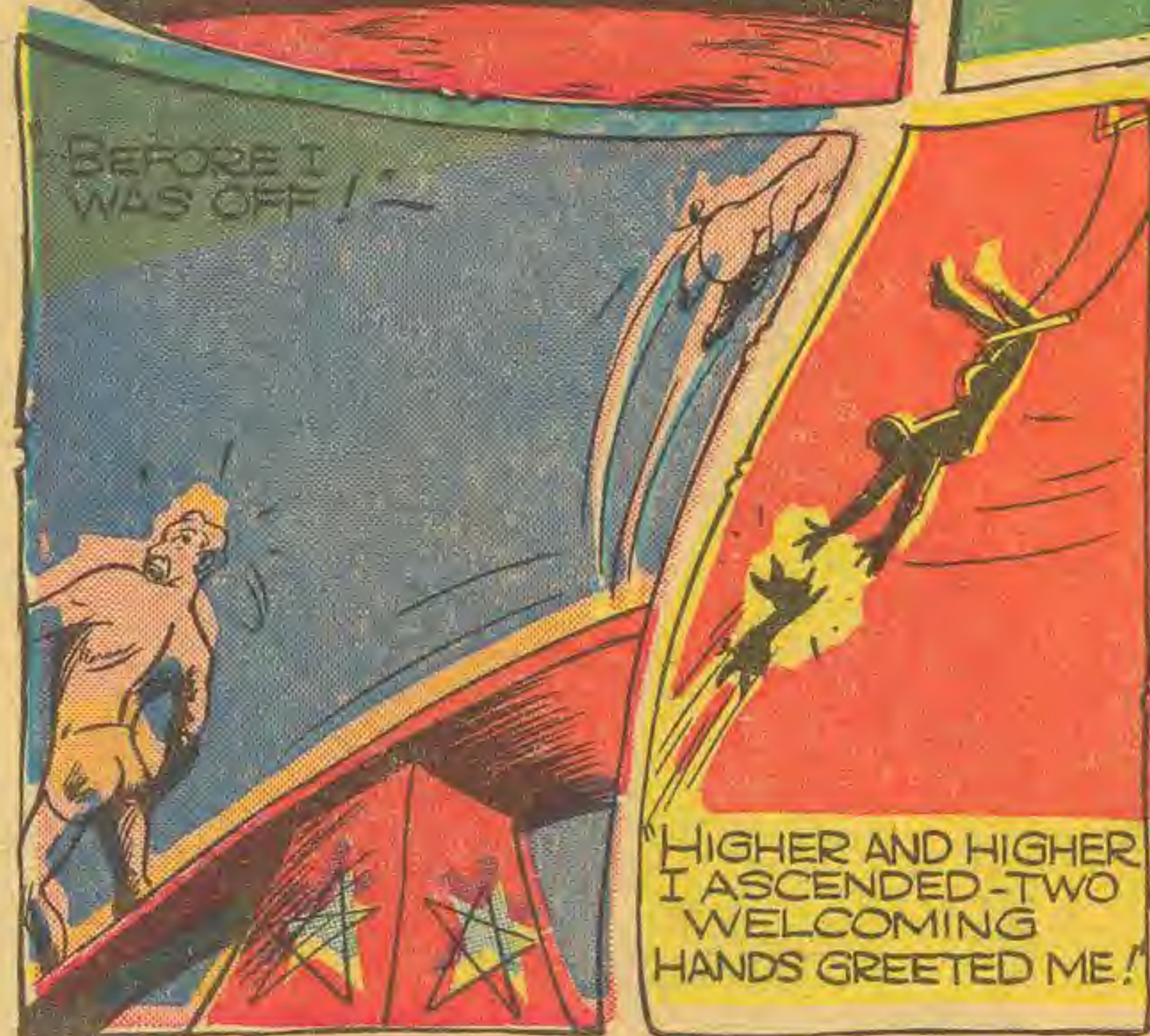
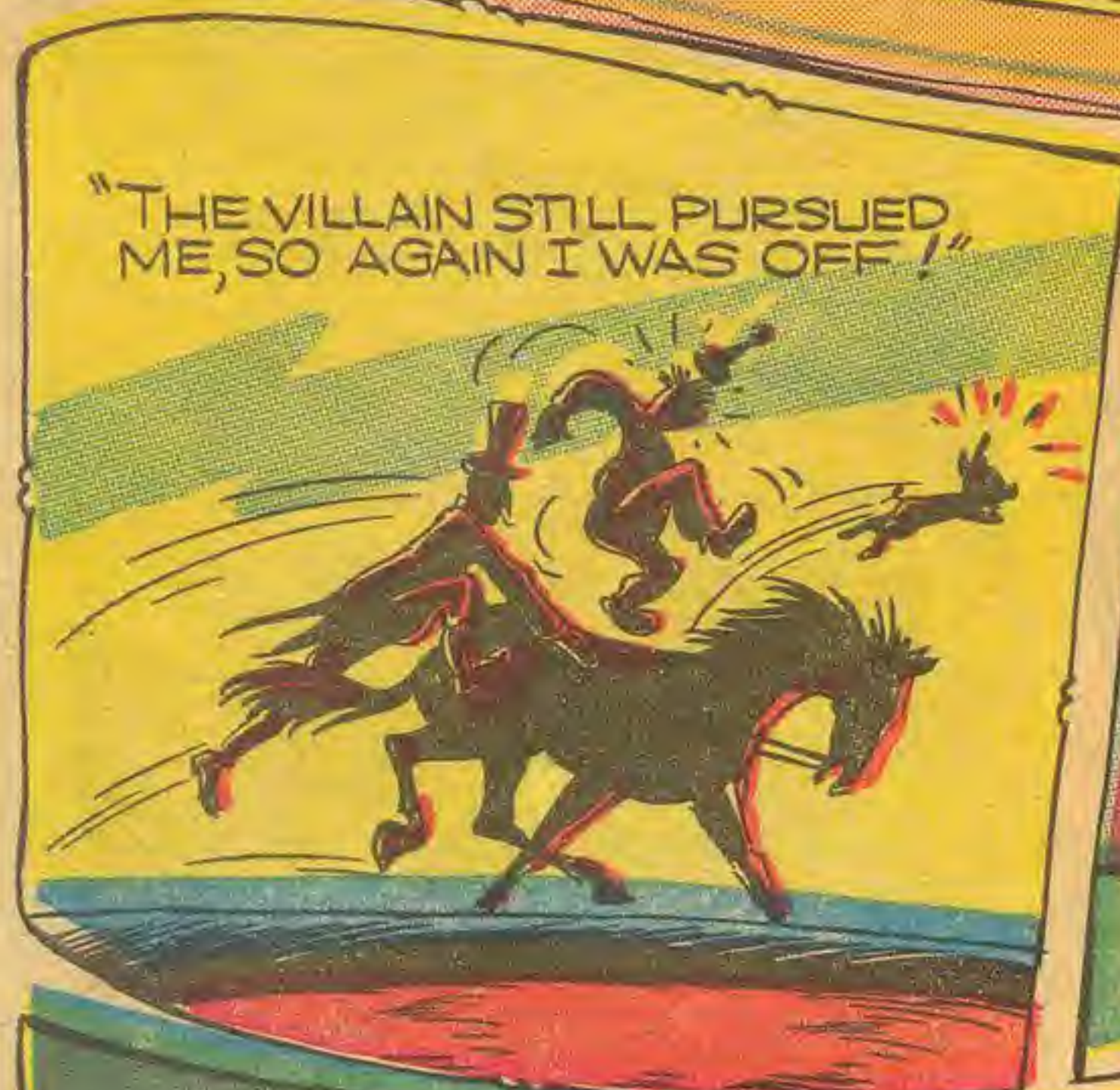
"SUDDENLY I SAW A
MAN WHO DIDN'T LOOK
FUNNY - HE LOOKED
MEAN!"

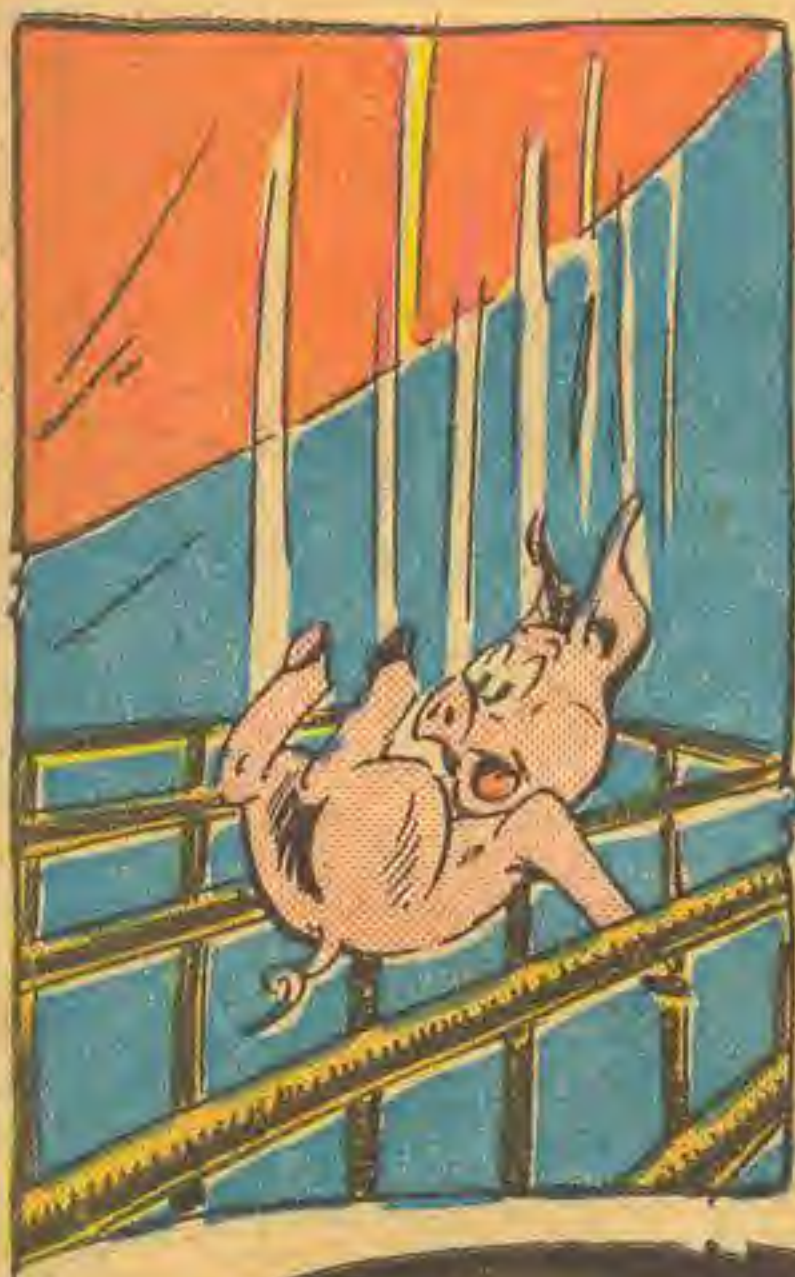


"HE FRIGHTENED ME!"

"I DID WHAT YOU'D DO -
I RAN!!"





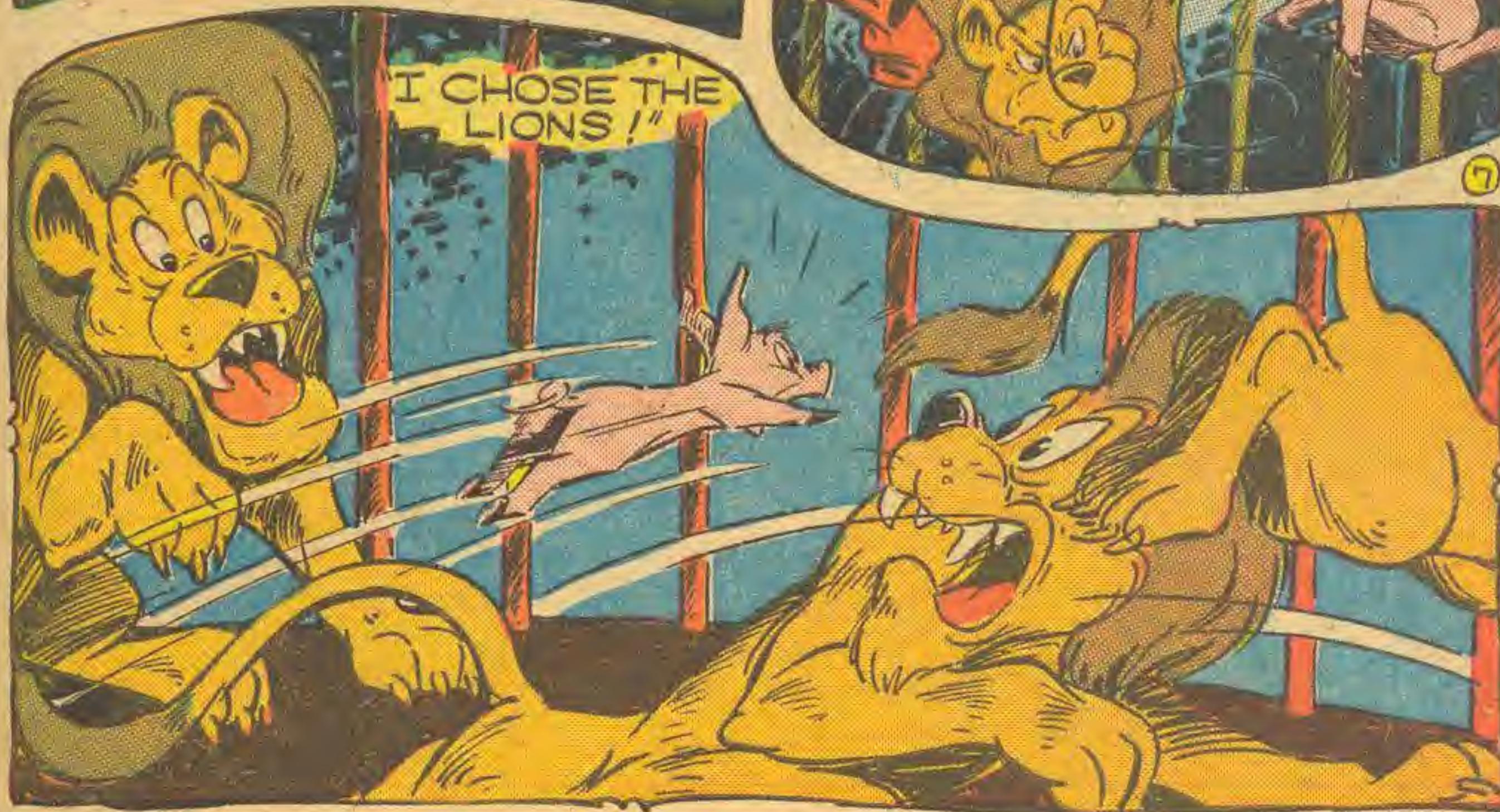


"- SAFE AT LAST ! -"



"NO SOONER HAD I TURNED AROUND THAN THAT MAN ENTERED THE CAGE!"

"IT WAS HE OR THE LIONS!"



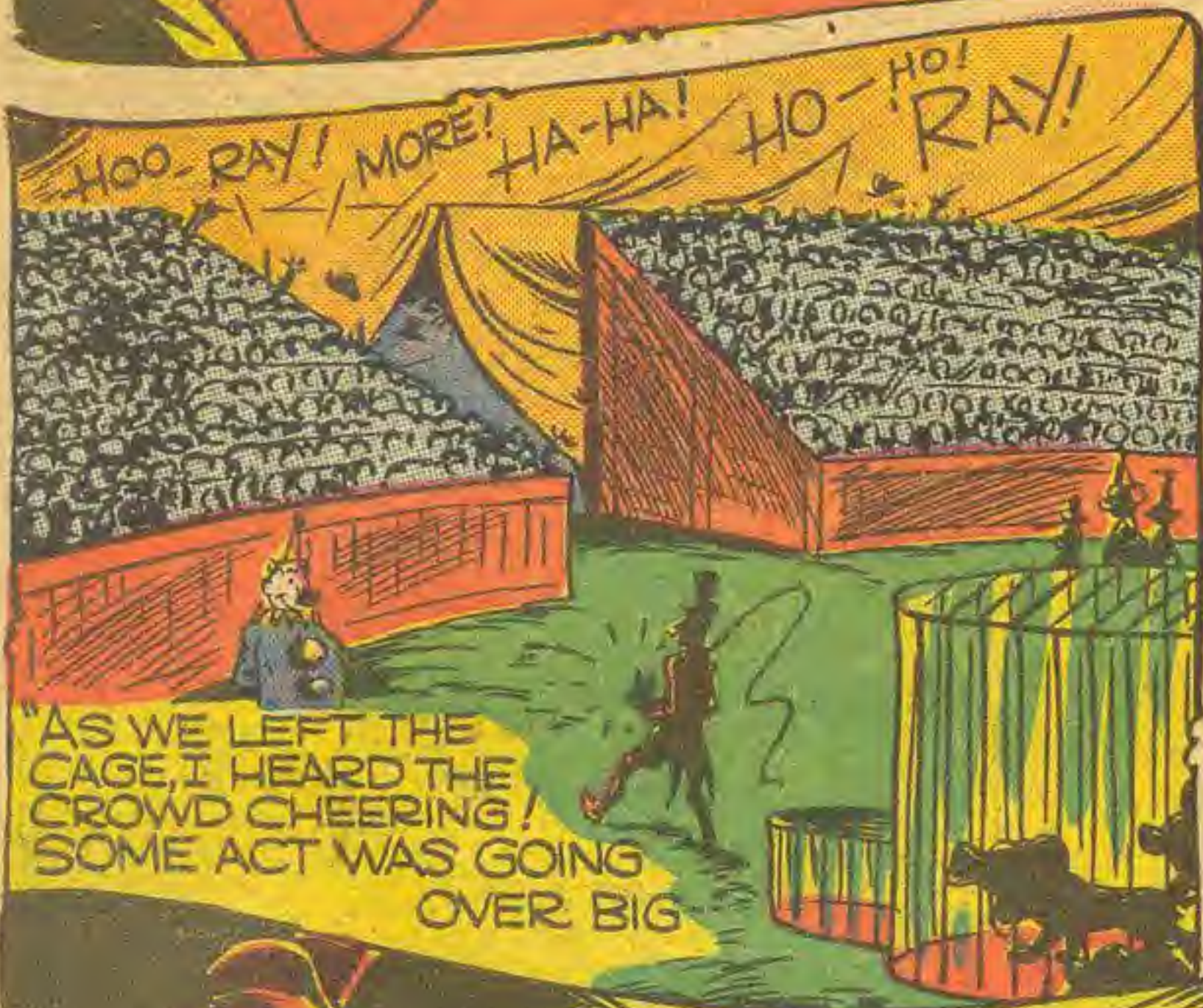
"I CHOSE THE LIONS!"



"BUT THERE WAS NO ESCAPE - HE WAS AGAIN UPON ME!"



"LET THAT CRUEL
BLOW FALL!" I CRIED.
— BUT NO BLOW
FELL — I WAS
GENTLY LIFTED UP!"



"AS WE LEFT THE CAGE, I HEARD THE CROWD CHEERING! SOME ACT WAS GOING OVER BIG



"HE TOOK ME INTO A STRANGE ROOM, AND WHAT I SAW DELIGHTED MY EYES!"



THEN I REALIZED THAT IT WAS MY ACT THAT TOOK THEM ALL BY STORM~ I WAS OFFERED A JOB WITH THE CIRCUS AND WITH ALL THE CORN I COULD EAT!

WELL, THAT'S
IT, KIDS!~I'VE
BEEN HERE EVER
SINCE- GROWING
CORNIER BY THE
DAY!~
S' LONG!

AND DO YOU,
**COOKIE
O'TOOLE,**
SWEAR TO KEEP OUR
READERS IN STITCHES
-- TO BE A TEEN-AGE
TERROR RESPONSIBLE
FOR **LAUGHS,**
LAUGHS AND
**MORE
LAUGHS**
?

S'HALP ME--
YAS!

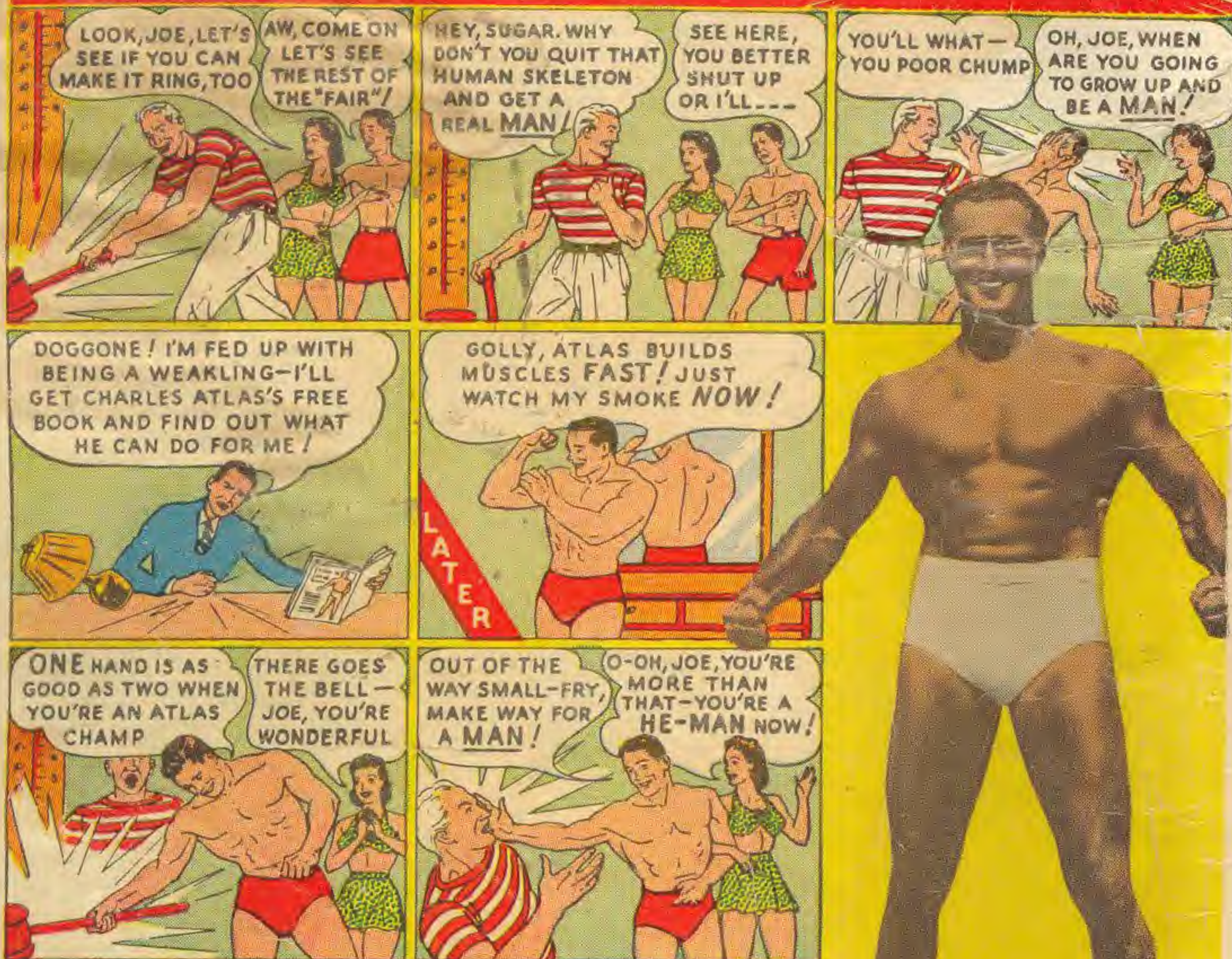
HEY, COOK!
DON'T FORGET YA
GOT GOOD OL'
JITTERBUCK TA
HELP YA!



YE EDITOR
OF
**COOKIE
COMICS**

Don't let **Cookie** down, folks!
Follow his ribtickling misadventures every month!

The Insult "CHUMP" Into a CHAMP



I Can Make YOU A New Man, Too in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

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You Get Results FAST

Almost before you realize it, you will notice a general "toning up" of your en-

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Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

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Charles Atlas
—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 45-C
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

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